JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 9, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

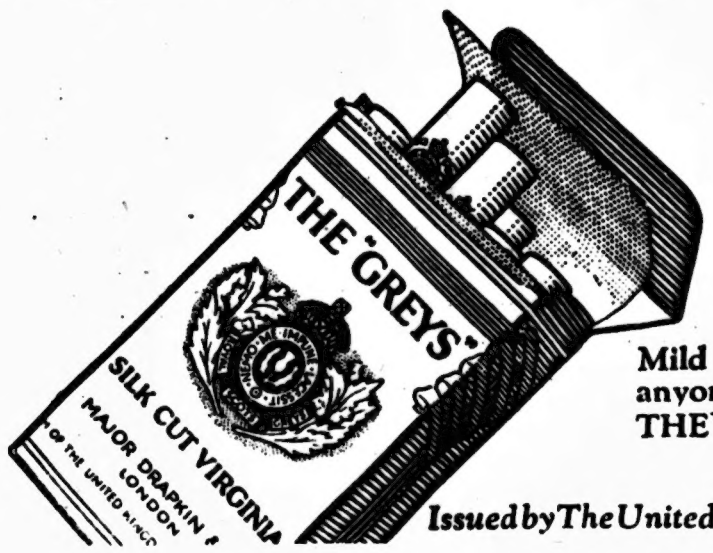
OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1182.
Vol. XLV.

Greys

Just a fine cigarette—
free from "bunk"

No "hot air" about Greys. They're made for pleasure smokers only, from their unique pure Virginia "sun cure" blend, which gives mildness *plus* utter satisfaction



POPULAR SIZE
10 for 6d.—20 for 1/-
Or Large Size • 20 for 1/5

Mild enough for anyone—and yet THEY GRATIFY

Issued by The United Kingdom Tobacco Co. (1929) Ltd.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
·GIFT·
OFFER
With every "John Bull" Pen, admittedly worth 15/-, "John Bull" will present to you free a magnificent 2/6 "Ever-Pointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with refills and eraser, total value 17.6. Send six coupons and p.o. for 4/- only, plus 3d. for postage, and insurance and save 13.6.
Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra.
JOHN BULL'S
Pen Coupon.
This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Price clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib—JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CASH THE COUPONS NOW!

Eyes Right!

WHATEVER you do, don't miss the wonderful opportunity which "John Bull" gives you this week of securing a magnificent "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE not only for yourself *but for a friend as well.*

READ all about 'John Bull's" unprecedented offer on the opposite page. Be warned in time. The 125 000 Cameras set aside by "John Bull" for this colossal scheme are disappearing fast. Such an opportunity may never come your way again.

ACT NOW—and both you and your friend will receive one of these superb Free Gifts just in time to enjoy the fun of photography when the sunny days are here.

Eyes Right!

Great Extension
OF JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT
The Family now covered

The Great Extension of "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift has met with a wonderful reception. As already announced, the benefits, wider than ever in their scope, now cover the family—father, mother *and* children.

305 MORE CHEQUES PAID THIS WEEK

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of only a few of the 305 readers who receive cheques this week. If you have not already registered for this free family insurance, sign the forms below now.

FIRE
Up to £4c0

PONTLLANFRAITH.—Mr. W. Garnall, 34, Glanbowy Road, Wyllie Village.
WORCESTER.—Mrs. L. Benson, 49, Perdiswell St., Barbourne.
WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. J. A. Boorn, 63, Ferndale Avenue.
NORWICH.—Mr. E. Lake, 74, Heath Road.
HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.—Mr. C. Pattison, 2, Town Yard.
SOUTHSEA.—Mrs. E. L. Zanelli, 36, Osborne Street, Somers Road.
DALMUIR, GLASGOW.—Mr. M. McDonald, 13, Pattison Street.
BEDFORD.—Miss K. Fraser, 18 Battison Street.
LINCOLN.—Mr. R. Patterson, 11, Latham Place, Rasen Lane.

STORM
Up to £300

ABERBARGOED.—Mr. W. J. Hale, 174, Commercial St.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. M. Wilson, 8, Gibson Place.
Nr. PRESTON.—Mr. R. Bourlock, Newarth Lane, Hesketh Bank.
ROSS-ON-WYE.—Mr. A. Norman, Avonmore, Crawden.
BARRHEAD.—Mr. T. Cossett, Govan Bank, Bank St.
TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.—Mrs. L. Mead, 7, Mortimer St.
NEW TREDEGAR.—Mrs. M. Lewis, 64, Greenfield.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. Esler, 104, Parson Street.
BATH.—Mrs. R. Parker, 4, Charles Place, Widcombe.
PORT GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. Ramsay, 13, Belhaven St.

SICKNESS
£3 5s.

BELPER, DERBYSHIRE.—Mr. E. Bateson, 1, Ivy Cots.
WHITBURN COLLIERY.—Nr. SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. E. Bellas, 18, North Street.
FERRYHILL STATION, Co. DURHAM.—Mr. James Joyce, 21, Haig Street.
CAMBORNE.—Mrs. W. J. Cock, 185, North Roskear Road, Tuckingmill
FARNHAM, SURREY.—Mrs. C. Petty, 6, Millside Cotts., Heath End.
WIRRAL.—Mrs. W. Harvey, North Rd., Gedney Hill.
BILLINGHAM, S.R.—Mr. F. J. Church, 57, Allenby St.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. S. Llewellyn, 168, Newcombe Rd., Handsworth.
CHATHAM.—Mr. T. H. Haywood, "Hopewell," Chestnut Avenue, Walderslade.

ACCIDENTS
£3 per week

COVENTRY.—Mrs. R. F. Allen, 17, Somerset Road.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. E. L. Dorray, 61, Peacehaven St.
LEEDS.—Mr. W. C. Hodgson, 14, Rock Square, Burmantofts.
GLASGOW, C.2.—Mr. W. Annous, 169, Main Street.
Nr. BARNSLEY, YORKSHIRE.—Mr. E. Bennett, 9, Church Street, Darton.
CRICKHOWELL, BRECONSHIRE.—Mrs. E. E. Rumsey, High Street.
EDMONTON, N.9.—Mrs. F. Bramah, 6, Granville Ave., Town Road.
KEARSBOROUGH.—Mrs. M. E. Davidson, Market Place
HODDESDON, HERTS.—Mrs. S. E. Sewell, 18, Paul's Lane.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 9.2.29.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 9.2.29.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

Your Wonderful Gift.

The British Made "J.B. Ensign" is fitted with TWO View-Finders. You may take upright or horizontal pictures—3¼in. by 2¼in.—also snap or time exposures. It is a daylight loading Roll Film Camera and takes the standard size spool OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

Begin to qualify Now and Your Camera will come when Sunny days are here!

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT GIFT

FREE CAMERA

for both YOU and YOUR FRIEND

AGAIN, this week, "John Bull" extends to you the opportunity of securing a superb "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE, not only for yourself but for a friend as well.

Make no mistake about the Camera we offer. It is a genuine "J.B. Ensign," beautifully made by skilled British craftsmen—a real first-grade Camera, not a toy.

We make this great offer because we want to introduce the bigger and better "John Bull" and also "The People" to thousands of new readers. As "John Bull" readers know, "The People" comes from "the same stable," and just as the bigger and better "John Bull" is the finest weekly in the world, so is "The People" the supreme Sunday paper.

Both "John Bull" and "The People" offer to registered readers unequalled Free Insurance Benefits and both schemes have recently been extended in order to make them more practical and more generous than ever.

But we know that whatever we may say about "John Bull" and "The People" there is nothing so convincing as an actual trial. Therefore, we make the following unprecedented offer:

If you will—

1. **Give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks**
2. **Find a friend who will give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks**

we will present both to your friend and to yourself a "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE. It is a condition, of course, that your friend is NOT already a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

A trial that need cost nothing

In giving these great national papers a trial, neither you nor your friend need incur any extra expense. In these days practically everyone takes a Sunday newspaper and also a weekly periodical. For the next thirteen weeks we ask YOU to take "The People" as your Sunday newspaper and YOUR FRIEND to take "John Bull" during the week and "The People" on Sundays. At the end of your trial you will not only each receive a genuine "J.B. Ensign" Camera, but we think you will agree that we shall have done you an additional good turn by introducing wonderful papers that you will wish to take regularly.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for thirteen weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive numbers from thirteen successive issues of both these publications to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the forms below. That is all. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed you will each immediately receive a FREE "J.B. Ensign" Camera. There is no "catch." The full conditions are published on the left.

Act to-day!

Take the first step towards securing "John Bull's" Magnificent Gift by getting the forms at the foot of this page filled in to-day. The forms below reserve in your name and in the name of your friend two genuine "J.B. Ensign" Cameras. As soon as these forms are received "John Bull" will post to you two Official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you. At the same time two "J.B. Ensign" Cameras will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. Act at once and your Gift Cameras will reach you just in time for you to enjoy the fun of photography the whole season through.

POST AT ONCE!

Rules and Conditions

It is important that the Rules and Conditions above are read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is being introduced.

The object of this scheme is to get bona-fide new readers for "John Bull" and "The People." If it should be found upon verification that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, **both applicants will be disqualified.**

A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for the past three months.

Gift Cameras will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers which are sent (one each for you and your friend) to approved applicants upon receipt of the forms on the right.

When your Gift Voucher is complete—that is after you have given "John Bull" and "The People" a trial and NOT before—all that you have to do is to see that it is sent in to us together with 10d. to cover cost of actual postage and packing. In addition, for your convenience and so that your gift reaches you ready for use, we have specially arranged with the Manufacturers to include with each Camera one 2½ B "Ensign" Film which will take six pictures, size 3½ x 2½. For this you send 1s. 2d.—the ordinary retail price. You thus receive your Camera complete, completely equipped and ready to take photographs the moment you unpack it.

Further films are obtainable at all local dealers, price 1s. 2d. each.

This offer is limited to the first 125,000 applicants. No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set, and no gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Copies of "John Bull" and "The People" must be paid for in the ordinary way, and no person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the thirteen weeks.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

OUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS BELOW

1½d. stamp MUST be affixed by YOU in this space to cover return postage.

From: "JOHN BULL," Gift Department, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Name .....

Address .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "JOHN BULL" who is introducing a new reader.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.2), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IMPORTANT

Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with these Reservation Forms.

This label, which will be used by "JOHN BULL" for sending to you both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers, MUST be filled in by the "John Bull" reader with his name and full postal address VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed by YOU to blank space provided.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my undertaking to give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks and also for introducing a new reader who has **personally** signed Form B and who undertakes to give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. **I certify that my friend is not at present a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."**

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

Please send me Official Gift Voucher for the Free "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

N.B.—Please also fill in your name and full postal address on the Label on the left, also affix halfpenny stamp on space provided to cover return postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....DATE.

A.2

Give below name and address of Newsagent.

("John Bull") .....

.....

*("The People") .....

.....

*If the same as "John Bull," write in space above "as above."

N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form from page two of cover. J.B. 9.2.29. Available until 23.2.29. **Please Write Clearly.**

Checked.....

N.B.—Do not separate these forms—send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your Gift Vouchers.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST BE filled in and signed by the new reader personally—NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.2), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. **I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or "The People," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months.** I undertake to give them both a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) Official Gift Voucher for my "J.B. Ensign" Camera (*). I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE.....

(*) Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own. Give below name and address of your newsagent.

("John Bull") .....

.....

†("The People") .....

.....

†If the same as "John Bull," write in space above "as above."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Checked.....

Cut out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp—and send in with these Forms.

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

Overcoats from 39/6. Dinner Jacket Suits from 84/-. All made to measure on similar easy terms. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Write or call for Patterns, Style Book and Self Measurement Form to:—

Established 1901.

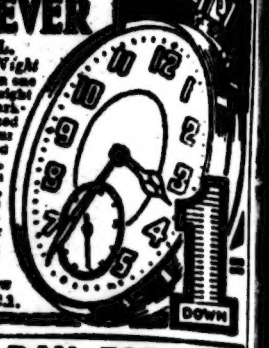
J. B. THORNE & Co.
36, Langham St., London, W.1
NEW CITY BRANCH: Empire House (1st Floor), St. Martin's-le-Grand (opp. G.P.O.)

The MAIL ORDER MARKET
A BARGAIN STORE AT YOUR DOOR

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.
You can order with confidence anything you see advertised here, as every offer is covered by JOHN BULL'S well-known Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

WHEN SENDING
Write your name and address clearly; give exact description of goods required. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

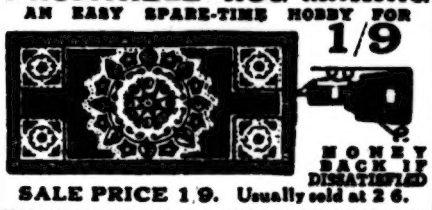
RADIUM POCKET LEVER



LUMINOUS DIAL.
Just as light day or Night
A rare chance to obtain one of these supreme light-weight keyless watches at a remarkably low price. Guaranteed lever, 15 to 26-hour movement, jewelled compensation balance, detachable cog. Proof against heat, cold, damp, electricity. Send 1/- with order, then 2/- weekly (11/- in all), or CASH WITH ORDER 10/- ONLY.

(F.) HAIG & CO., 26, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

PROFITABLE RUG-MAKING
AN EASY SPARE-TIME HOBBY FOR **1/9**



MONEY BACK IF DISSATISFIED

SALE PRICE 1/9. Usually sold at 2/6.

Many users are making big money with the RAPIDAUTOMATIC RUGMAKER. The quickest Hand Machine for making Rugs with Rug Wool, or converting discarded Woollen and Cloth garments into handsome Rugs. Simplicity itself. Even a child can finish Rug in ONE EVENING. BEST BRITISH MAKE. With simple directions and selection of Rug designs, only 1/9. Post 3d. Two spare needles 6d. extra. Send P.O. or stamps NOW to:—

WM. PENN (Dept. 18), 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.19
(Trade Enquiries Invited).

ONE WEEK ONLY—SURPLUS STOCK
500 Complete BEDDING SETS 500

Cash or C.O.D:
1 pair Heavy White Bordered Blankets, whipped edges, double bed.
1 pair Heavy Twill Bolton Sheets, double bed.
1 pretty Alhambra Quilt, double bed, lovely colours.
1 fine White Bolster Case.
2 fine White Pillow Cases.
2 Turkish Hand Towels.

FREE GIFT Charming Ladies Work Bag with every order.

All for **20/-** Carr. Paid.

Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.),
ALLUM STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

It's cost saved on the first job you do

PENN'S FAMOUS LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER.
Sews a perfect lock-stitch as sewing machine, but stronger. No handyman should be without one. THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

LEATHER STITCHER
Indispensable for Thrifty Homeworkers.
SIMPLE TO USE.
Quickly sews Boots, Belts, Bags, Harness, Sail Cloth, Hoods, Screens, &c., complete with 3 different needles, thread and Wax, directions, 2/-, post 6d. Extra waxed thread 9d. skein, 3 for 2/-. Extra needles 2d. each, 2/6 doz.
WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.
(Actual Inventors)

PRICE ONLY **2/-**

J. PENN & CO.,
142, Cottenham Road, London, N.17

SEND TO-DAY FOR THIS STRIKING CLOCK

Solid Oak Case. Large 5½in. white enamelled dial with neat bold figure. The 36 hour movement is accurate and reliable, and hours and half-hours are struck on a mellow-toned Cathedral gong. Sent for only 4/6 down, 7 monthly payments of 5/- (39/6 in all, 10 per cent. discount for cash in 7 days.) A most handsome clock that will enhance your home and last a lifetime.

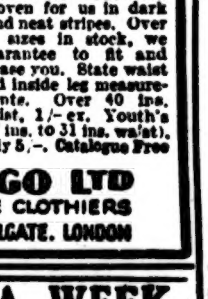
ONLY **4/6** DOWN
Examined by a "John Bull" representative and declared a real bargain offer.

Height 22½in.
Width 10½in.
Front to back 4½ in.

E. J. HERAUD
Mail Order Specialists (Dept. J.B. 16),
Number One,
EDMONTON, LONDON, N. 18

4/14/6

Or 15/- down and 11 monthly payments of 8/2.



Carriage Paid U.K. Model 23. Beautifully Oak-finished Cabinet, 3 ft. 2 in. high, complete with Metal Sound Chamber, Fullotone Junior Soundbox, and powerful Collaro Motor. Unusually pure tone and enormous volume. Most wonderful value obtainable. Write NOW for free Catalogue or call.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.2),
73 Camden Rd., London, N.W.1
Also 149 High St., N. East Ham; 50 High Road, Tottenham; 41 George Street, Croydon; 325/6 Argyle St., Glasgow; 1 Paradise St., Liverpool, and 85 Oxford Rd., Manchester

FULLOTONE

TRIM YOUR OWN HAIR

You think you can't — we guarantee you can!

SAVES TIME AND MONEY

For Ladies and Gents

Trims as it Combs

POST FREE **2/-** COMPLETE

Simple Adjustable Blade.
A Child can use it.
Lasts a Lifetime.

FREE to "JOHN BULL" Readers

As a special introductory offer, if you mention "JOHN BULL" when sending we will forward a Novel Waving Comb entirely free.

Keep your hair short and neat. With this simple, yet effective device, you can be your own hairdresser and save pounds and wasted hours in salons. Ideal for women who are bobbed or shingled. Makes removal of superfluous hair on neck a matter of simplicity. A boon to men for personal use and a real money-saver for the family man.

A Lady purchaser writes: "When my friends tell me I must spend a fortune at hairdressers I show them the comb."

A Gentleman user states: "It has meant the 'sack' for my barber." Get one of these wonderful combs yourself. Send 2/- Now and you will receive it by return complete and ready for immediate use.

J. B. COLE, 24, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

THE HOLLYWOOD UKE-BANJO

With free Self-Tuner and extra set of strings.

In one hour you can play those haunting melodies of the Southern Seas, superb instrument (7 in. solid oak, nickel bezel and brass fittings with real Jazz Band tone. Send 1/- with order, then 2/- weekly (15/- in all).

(F.) HAIG & CO., 26, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

IRONCORD TROUSERS

for work or best wear. Justly famed for their HARD-WEARING qualities and smart appearance. We are the sole makers. The cloth is specially woven for us in dark grey, brown, and neat stripes. Over 50 sizes in stock, we guarantee to fit and please you. State waist and inside leg measurements. Over 40 ins. waist, 1/- ex. Youth's (27 ins. to 31 ins. waist), only 5/-. Catalogue Free

5/6 POST 6d

J. WINGO LTD
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS
25, NORTON FOLGATE, LONDON

West End Tailored Suits

The great success of the Wallingford Perfect **7/6** MONTH Tailoring Service is due to the care taken to see that every customer is absolutely satisfied. Our 1929 Suitings in smart Tweeds, Worsteds and Saxonys are better value than ever. These cloths have been chosen for their smart appearance and hard-wearing quality. Remember, your suit is made by craftsmen, ensuring perfect fitting and smartness.

SEND TO-DAY FOR FULL RANGE OF FREE PATTERNS IN ALL PRICES. Use the simple self-measurement chart or call at our Oxford Street Showrooms and be fitted by our experts.

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED. WRITE NOW—DEPT. A.

Wallingford's
71, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

EARN £3 A WEEK AT HOME

This is what Mrs. Baldy, of Bedding, does. She says: "I am turning my spare time into money. I knit Socks, Stockings, Vests, Jumpers and Woollens—overflowing with private orders—which bring me in from £3 to £5 weekly."

Her experience and many others are detailed in our book, which explains our plan whereby WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF HOSIERY at an agreed price for a period of Three Years.

FREE BOOK

Sent on request for 1d. stamp for postage. Send TO-DAY. Be making money next week.

THE SOUTH BRITISH MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. 63E.) 11, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Daintiear
Worthy of the Occupant

49/6

AMAZING VALUE! Owing to the huge success of our Direct-from-Factory Sales policy we have made further drastic price reductions and are now offering better value than ever. Pram as illustrated. Other models to suit all purses, for cash or from 5/- monthly. Prompt Delivery. Carriage paid.

Don't buy any pram until you have seen the Daintiear Catalogue. Sent Post Free.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. P.33), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

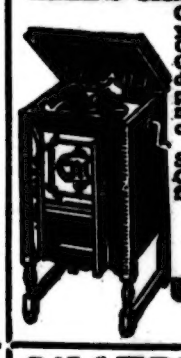
WHIPCORD TROUSERS

To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to JOHN BULL readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of **5/11**
Postage 9d.

Over 40 in. waist 1s. extra. These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, turned up bottoms and hip pocket, and as TOUGH AS IRON IN WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL. Remember, cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

HUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford, E.

Mead Value



Get more and better music for your money and buy a Mead Gramophone *direct from Factory*. Our easy credit terms from 2/6 deposit) allow you to pay as you please. Choice of 15 different models. Pedestals from £5 12 6 cash; light Portables from 35/-. 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Sent carriage paid anywhere in Great Britain. Write to-day for free illustrated catalogue.

Mead
LIMITED (Dept. G245) BIRMINGHAM.

PAY AS YOU PLAY
ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
Supplied on First Deposit

Here is your "Golden Opportunity" to secure any musical instrument on
EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS
Concertinas, Banjos, Cabinet and Portable Gramophones, Violins, Mandolins, Ukuleles, Saxophones, Jazz Outfits, etc.
Write for Catalogue FREE. Irish and Foreign Orders, Cash only.

J. JAMES & CO., 6, Heaton Street, Liverpool.

FLOOR COVERING

FIRST QUALITY ONLY **60** SQ. FT. for **20/-** SAMPLES FREE

DAMP PROOF and ROT PROOF
THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening. No nails or paste required, 60 sq. ft. for 20/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

J.B ANDREWS & SONS
30, Carter St., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17

PAROLEUM

YOURS for 5/-

THE MIRACLE SUPER 2, 3, or 4, complete with all accessories, including Grand Model Loud Speaker as illustrated Yours for 5/- deposit nothing more to pay for a month.

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EXCEPTIONAL RANGE AND POWER.

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PAY FOR COAT AS YOU WEAR IT

Tweeds, Cheviots, Heathers, Meltons and Naps. Made to Measure from 39/6. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 5/- then pay 5/- monthly until you have paid in all **39/6**

Better qualities up to £16 16 0; also SUITS from 89/6. DINNER JACKET SUITS from 84/-. All Made to Measure on similar easy terms. Write or call for Patterns and Designs. Money returned if unsatisfactory.

Established 1901.

J.B. THORNE & CO.
36, Langham St., London, W.1.
NEW CITY BRANCH: Empire House (1st Floor), St. Martins-le-Grand (opp. G.P.O.)

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.—Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane's Warehouse, 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME BY selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Clegg, Dept. B., Turner Street Manchester (the old firm).

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Woltson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for Drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—E. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.S), Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

WHOLESALE Drapery. Remnants and Art Silk Hosiery. List Free.—J. McLoughlin, Ltd., Dept. B., 10, George Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £4 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free. —Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (175), George St., Birmingham.

30/- FREE. FINE CHANCE FOR AGENTS. Appointments open for Agents to Run Clubs for Footwear, Clothing, Sheets, Cutlery, etc. Earn more money. Present employment not interfered with. Start at once. Write for details to-day.—MAXIMUM CLUB, 112, MAXIMUM Works, NORTHAMPTON.

EASTER Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs.—Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, Terry's, etc.—Agents wanted. Good terms. Illustrated Lists. No substitutes.—Write, MATHER'S (Dept. J.), 192, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

EASTER Choc. Club Agents wtd.; good com.; no outlay; Lists, list, best terms poss., testimonials from satisfied customers.—Regent Conf. Co., Stanningley, Leeds.

EXPERIENCED Agents to sell Boots, Clothing, etc., on credit, offered small wages and commission.—Write MASTERS, LTD., Rye.

AGENTS wanted for Easter Chocolate Clubs. Leading makes, Easter Novelties. Splendid Free Novelty Gift to all Agents.—Particulars F. J. Tate & Co., 9, Heaton's Court, Lower Briggate, Leeds.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department recognised by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. CO., Dept 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. —Write, IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 245, Tottenham Court Rd., London.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

WANTED for Canadian Farms, 50 Boys, 14 to 19. Free training on Church Army farms. Sailing February. Free passage. Good home and work guaranteed.—Write or call, O/8 Dept., Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed. For particulars, write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

WHY REMAIN UNEMPLOYED? Single men 19-35 may secure FREE: Training, Railway and Ocean Passage, Farm work in Canada.—Apply, Branch Manager, Salvation Army Migration Dept., 3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends, etc. Over 12/- in the £ profit. No order too small. Catalogue Free.—NICKSON'S, Manufrs., Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

AIRCRAFT APPRENTICES. 600 VACANCIES are now available for boys of good education (between 15 and 17 years of age on August 1st, 1929), for training as skilled craftsmen. Good training, pay and prospects. Examination at local centres.—Full particulars from Royal Air Force (Aircraft Apprentices' Department J.B.), Gwydyr House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

A VACANCY IS OPEN, for smart Salesmen calling upon factories, works, shops, etc. State age.—Bell, Upperhead Row, Leeds.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 5/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free, prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Waine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.

BARGAIN SALES.

THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE by every small trader who keeps his eye on the thousands of amazing bargains in "THE EXCHANGE & MART," 2d. every Thursday! Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 11 lb. for Socks, etc. Grey Yarn 3/6 lb. White 5/10 lb. post free. Patts. of Serges, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.H. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged Ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Rates, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satis. guaran'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knitting, Hand, Machine, 12 oz., Rug 10½d., 1/-, 1/6 lb. Rug Guide, 600 Samples, Free.—Border Woods, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 228, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

GREAT Sale of £10,000 Wireless and Electrical Goods at sacrifice prices.—Call, Electradix House, 218, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4, or send stamped envelope for Big Sale List.

TURN to CRANE'S PIANO OFFER on page 33.

GAYAGE'S WIRELESS OFFER should not be missed. Write for particulars. See page 31.

THE HANDIEST AND CHEAPEST TOOL for Home workers is Pena's famous Lightning Leather Stitcher, as illustrated in advt. on page 4. There's a hundred and one things it will do, and it saves its cost on the very first job. Get one. You will find it handy and simple to use

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TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon Specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA.—Direct from Blenders to Household. At wholesale prices, 1/6, 1/8, 2/- lb., carr. pd. on 4 lb. Special quotns for large quantities. Satis. g'nt'd.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, W. Ham.

TO SUFFERERS FROM BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA

The Registrar-General reported last year that

68,853 PEOPLE DIED from ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS in England & Wales.

The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure

DON'T let Bronchitis or Asthma wear down your vitality. You can quickly recover and avoid repeated attacks by taking Dr. Hair's Asthma and Bronchitis Cure, the unfailing liquid cure. Dr. Hair's Treatment is unique. The quick relief and eventual recovery which follows its use—often when all other remedies have failed—has inspired medical men to send personal testimony endorsing its efficacy.

Why tolerate more suffering? "Dr. Hair's" is a household word in thousands of grateful homes. It is a liquid medicine, taken in teaspoonful doses, which banishes the struggle for breath and enables the wearied sufferer to sleep peacefully and arise next morning refreshed.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK TO-DAY

Start on the way to complete health by sending at once for the FREE BOOK in which Dr. B. W. Hair describes his own treatment fully, and gives full directions on diet and hygiene to be followed while his medicine is being used.

Dr. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE

Price 3/- and 5/- per bottle. Obtainable from Boots, Ltd., Taylors Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy Whites, Needhams, Squires, and all leading chemists, or direct post free (C.O.D.) from address on coupon.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR

FREE BOOK OF ADVICE

To Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure Ltd. (Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, W.C.1

Please send me a copy of Dr. Hair's Booklet.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... J.B. 9/2/29

KNITTING & Machine Wools from 2/6 lb. Direct from mnfrs. Samples for stp.—Dept J.B., The Golden Fleece Woollen Co., Liskeard, Corn.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll, 150 patterns 1929 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late Leeds), 21, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

LEATHER, Our Noted Tannage at 1/10, 2/2, 2/4, 2/6 and 2/9 lb. Send for free cutting and list.—Yard Leather Co., Merthyr.

PEACH'S CATALOGUE, FREE, just published. Window Nets, Cordine Curtains. Five years' guarantee. Casements, Cretonnes, Linens. —S. PEACH & SONS, LTD., 141, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

MONEY FOR YOU! Send a postcard for H. Samuel's New Free Book of 3,000 Bargains in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, and see how the next-to-factory prices put money in your pocket. Nickelled Pocket Watch, 3/9. Solid Gold Bracelet Watches from 35/-; ½-dozen Stainless Dessert Knives, 7/11; 18-ct. Diamond Ring, 35/-; worth £3. Order early to secure the bargains, or send address, and the Book packed with record bargains is yours by return. Any article sent C.O.D.—Write now to H. Samuel, Ltd. (Dept. 199), 119-121, Market Street, Manchester.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory Direct. Enormous Saving. Keenest prices. Stamp for Lists (JB). AGENTS WANTED.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

PICTURES, Mouldings, Mirrors, Glass for Picture Framing; mouldings mitred ready for joining. List 5d.—Watkins, Provider, Newport, Mon.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 29/6. Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Towels, Napkins. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 2/- for pcl.; appro. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 60, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-. 85 home-made pieces. Contains everything from Cloth Robe to Napkins. A purchaser writes:—"Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or instalments.)—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S 90-PIECE LAYETTE, 30/-; Shawls, Robes, Flannels, Mat. Coats, Vests, Naps., etc. Send 2/- for pcl.; appro. Cash or Terms. Delight assured.—Mrs. H. Barker, 31a, Brougham Road, Southsea.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbuil, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES. — BUILD OWN £40 MODEL FOR 40/-. Instructions, 3d. List of Parts Free.—J.B.G., 185, High St., Deptford, London.

SAXOPHONES, Piano-Accordeons, Banjos, Jazz Sets, Gramos., supplied on first payments. State requirements. Hesys, 20, Manchester St., Liverpool.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

CONSULT THE WORLD'S Greatest Poultry Expert free of charge! See "THE POULTRY WORLD," 2d. all newsagents. Specimen copy free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL BIRD SHOW Now On! Start Canary Breeding on £2. Cheapest, most fascinating, most lucrative hobby. For full details see "CAGE BIRDS," 2d. all newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WRITE for Free Copy of Spillers Dog Appliance Catalogue. Everything your dog needs, from a kennel to a collar, fully illustrated and described—brimful of interest. The Spillers way is the practical and economical way.—Spillers Victoria Foods, Dept. J., Jacob Street, Bermondsey, S.E.1.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1929 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 160 pages, 240 illustrations, free to all readers of this paper if mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, EDINBURGH.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arthro Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Colnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance, New discovery. Wonderful! No hard pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (46aD), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERY cures Bladder Weakness and Kidney Troubles. Ask for PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY, 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on genuine cure of self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc. (recommended by Editor of "Health & Strength"), sent privately for 3d. only.—Henry Rivers (J.B. 49), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

DO YOU Suffer from skin troubles such as Eczema, Acne or other blemishes? If so, send 2d. to-day for free sample of SANOL, the wonderful new discovery which does actually cure these distressing complaints. Full-sized boxes, 1/3, from J. B. Collins, Chemist, NORTHWOOD.

NERVES.—A SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL of the Muller Nutrient and a prescription copy of a wonderful illustrated book is offered on page 29. Enclose three stamps and be sure to address 550, The Muller Laboratories, 37, Manchester Street, London, W.1.

A FREE SAMPLE of Dr. Jenner's Lozenges for Indigestion is offered on page 28.

A DESCRIPTIVE booklet, No. 430, is offered in the Allen & Hanburys advt. on VAPO-CRESOLENE on page 29.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Row, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 each, C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for wkly. payments. Inquire, stating size, London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WITH A COCKTAIL KICK! 15 complete stories of modern life, with its thrill and speed; frankly told without license or vulgarity, only in "THE FEBRUARY BLUE MAGAZINE." Selected Authors include "Valentine" Oscar M. Sheridan, Brandon Fleming, 1/- all newsagents; 1/2 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

THE RIGHTS OF COURTING COUPLES!—Read T. Bowen Partington's vigorously outspoken article in "Health and Strength," 3d. now at all newsagents; 4d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE.—£200 in prizes for "Limerick" List lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese or a label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Friday, March 1. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts.

GET the 1929 "BAR ONE" CIGARETTE GIFT BOOK offered free on page 23. Simply send the coupon and mention *John Bull*.

GUARANTEED BARGAINS. SHOP with ease and economy by buying through *John Bull's* "Mail Order Market" (page opposite). You can rely upon all the articles you see here being exactly as described. The easy terms bring them all within the reach of YOUR pocket, like the handsome striking clock advertised by E. J. Heraud, which will be delivered to your door for 4/6 down. The balance you pay by very easy monthly instalments. This offer, as well as others on the page, is well worth reading NOW.

FREEMANS

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

BOOTS, Gents' and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples.
Highest Commissions Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

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These glorious 'Three Queens'

NON LADDER STOCKINGS

Everyone is charmed by the silky texture, the attractive shades, the fit and long-wearing qualities of "Three Queens" stockings. They please the most fastidious, thousands are wearing them, and the cost is nothing—they get them free. How? By doing their men friends a good turn—by asking them to smoke 'Black Cat' cigarettes—cigarettes of quality and merit that all smokers enjoy. Get your friends to smoke 'Black Cats' and give you the coupons from the packets—you'll soon have the number required.

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Black Cat VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

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LATEST POINT HEEL

Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10. State shade and size preferred.

Made in the following shades: Flesh, Mirage, Peach, Du Barry, Indian Rose, Carmen, Plume, Paris Nude, Dust, Desert, Caramel, Nude, Paris Fawn, Arab, Suntan, Tawny, Omar, Sable, Pigeon Breast, Florence Mills, Vanity, Musquash, Grey, Rosita, Blue Fox, Cloude, Shadow, Shoe Grey, Rifle, Blue Gunmetal, Light Gunmetal. Also Black and White.

BLACK CAT MIXTURE TOBACCO
1/- per oz. Coupons in every packet.

5 FREE COUPONS.

(Dept. L), Gift Dept., CARRERAS LTD., Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1
Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

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Only one of these signed coupons accepted.

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THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, Feb. 9, 1929. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada ½d. all other parts of the world 1½d.

JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Winston's Evasion—Royal Heartstrings

MR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "denial" of our announcement last week that secret negotiations are on foot to transfer National Health Insurance to the big industrial insurance companies is amusing.

* * *

We expected it. We were prepared, in fact, for Mr. Churchill to be much more categorical than he was.

* * *

On the day our story appeared, Mr. Clynes asked him whether he could give an assurance that any loss incurred in establishing penny postage was not to be made good "by revenues drawn from the disposal of the National Health Insurance to private interests."

Highly Ambiguous

After an attempt to evade the question altogether, Mr. Churchill said: "I have never heard any suggestion that National Health Insurance *should be made to pay for penny postage.*" We never said it would.

* * *

We challenge the Chancellor to tell Parliament what the Treasury actuary, Sir Alfred W. Watson, and the actuaries of all the great insurance companies have been doing at those secret conclaves presided over by Sir G. Stuart Robertson, Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies.

* * *

This much is certain that if the scheme is dropped, our "premature" announcement of what was to be kept secret, till Budget day, when it would have been overshadowed by other sensations, has killed it.

However, we shall have more to say later.

Not for Publication

We wonder what the Prince of Wales really thinks about some of the depressing and famine-stricken mining villages and what he has told the Prime Minister privately.

He is a great sportsman and a man with a tender heart, and it has saddened him more than can be told to see all the misery in the coalfields.

"Edward P.," in fact, is a Prince of the People.

Sleuth Work

The enquiries into the case of ex-Sergeant Goddard, of whose career we give some startling secrets on another page, are being pursued vigorously by the group of skilful Yard detectives lent by various London divisions to Scotland Yard.

* * *

An attempt is being made to unravel the history of every note possible found in Goddard's possession. Already fifty different people have had notes traced to them.

Smirches on 'Change—Twopence

A Head—Fungus and Fizz

So gigantic is the full task, that some banks have detailed one inspector to do nothing else but work with the detectives in probing the mystery right to the bottom.

* * *

Scores of Goddard's erstwhile friends are shivering in their shoes.

Getting Down to it

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs is already on the warpath as Chief of the John Bull Investigation Department.

Sir Wyndham

* * *

All his specialised knowledge and training are being directed against the shady characters and doubtful transactions which it is John Bull's prime function to expose.

* * *

He is throwing himself heart and soul into his new job and perfecting an organisation which will dismay the crooks and harpies who prey upon their gullible fellow-citizens.

* * *

You will soon read the first records of his crusade against knavery in the pages of John Bull.

Prosecute!

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and his officials are scratching their heads—as well they might—over problems connected with the loss of so many ships at sea.

British shipping may not be too prosperous at the moment, but that is all the more reason for the maintenance of our high standards.

You cannot have an A1 foreign trade in C3 ships.

A Hint Taken

Can it be that the income-tax authorities have taken to heart our rap over the knuckles about their sending out demand notes on New Year's Day?

Their communications are now accompanied by a printed slip, "With compliments."

As poor Marie Lloyd used to say, "It's not so much the things she sez, it's the little way she sez 'em."

A Good Name

The Treasury has begun private enquiries into the extent of the City financial malpractices which have recently been leaking out.

Their alarm is not so much on account of the small investor as for the reputation of the City of London as the financial centre of the world. Strict integrity as well as skilful finance must be demanded.

The opportunity to act, of course, was last year when the Companies Act was going through. Still, if Mr. Baldwin repents of his neglect, there are a few months left for swift reparation.

The Greater Wealth

Little is heard of Lord Balfour these days. This grand old man of politics rests on his laurels and he has more of these than material riches. He is the poor man of politics.

* * *

The confidant of Royalty, the idol of statesmen, the pride of all Parties and the admiration of an Empire, he has barely enough to pay the household bills.

Ex-Premiers have no pension. Lord Balfour deserves one more than 99 per cent. of those who are on the political list.

That's That

Lawrence of Arabia, alias "Aircraftsman Shaw," has come home to England from India. A thousand rumours have connected him with the Afghan rebellion, and his return with international politics.

Here is the plain and unvarnished truth.

Lawrence

Lawrence has at no time visited Afghanistan, or its Indian borders. He cannot speak a word of the Afghan language.

The Air Force authorities have ordered him home and posted him to duties with the home establishment, solely because silly rumour and anti-British propaganda insisted that he was connected with the Afghan troubles.

Cruelly Insulting

We are staggered at Lord Eustace Percy's statement in the House of Commons that only £197,000 out of the £600,000 subscribed to the Lord Mayor's fund for the miners has been distributed in six months.

At least a million mining folk are on the verge of starvation, so that the distribution represents less than four shillings per head in twenty-four weeks, or just twopence per week.

Is the fund being hoarded because those responsible feel that things will be still worse next winter in the coalfields, and that the Government will still have done nothing to ease the situation?

A Desirable Alien

Mr. Paul Robeson, the great American negro actor and singer, who is possibly the biggest stage figure of the day, has decided to settle permanently in this country. We welcome him.

If the Americans are so bigoted on the colour question as to make life difficult even for a man of Robeson's genius, the loss is decidedly theirs.

Mrs. "Dora" Meyrick

If some Party, Conservative, Liberal or Labour, had the courage to go right out for the death of D.O.R.A., or whatever the exact name is under which that dreary old lady carries on, it would succeed beyond its wildest hopes.

What is more, there would be an end of Mrs. Merricks, Goddards, graft and shady night-clubs. These are only the fungus growths on a policy of suppression.

* * *

If people are rich enough or silly enough to stop out of bed until 3 or 4 a.m., for goodness' sake let them, and let them have what they want to drink.

The Grand Manner

If you haven't yet got those two free Ensign cameras—one for you and one for your friend—turn to page 3 and see how to set about it.

We made the original offer last week. We are repeating it this week.

The bigger and better John Bull likes to do things on a lavish scale, but the offer cannot last for ever. Get a move on or you will be kicking yourself.

The Super Pluralist

Lord Clarendon's defence of the B.B.C. in the House of Lords was a very limp and unconvincing affair. His arguments were not in the £3,000 a year salary class at all.

His lordship's salary as director of the Communications Company (the Wireless Cable merger) has not been disclosed.

* * *

And does Lord Clarendon receive a salary for his not very arduous duties as a member of the Royal Transport Commission?

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Hospital-made Slums

Why are St. Thomas's Hospital authorities allowing building on the scanty "gardens" of their property in the Hackney district?

It's no use getting funds to treat St. Thomas's patients by a means which makes more work for the Hackney hospitals.

Sir. Arthur Stanley, Treasurer of St. Thomas's Hospital

Some people call that robbing Peter to pay Paul. Besides, Paul in this case is much richer than Peter. What has the Ministry of Health to say?

Bad Taste

While we ourselves are rigidly opposed to blood sports, we are sorry that a similar conviction on the part of the *Bradford Pioneer* has led that journal to commit a very unnecessary and unkind breach of taste.

Commenting on Princess Mary's recent escape from injury when she was thrown from her horse in the hunting-field, the *Pioneer* states that "we could not resist a feeling of regret that a few good bruises and a real shaking had not followed."

We need hardly add that the cause which the *Bradford Pioneer* appears to have at heart is retarded rather than helped by such unwarranted personal remarks.

The Eleventh Hour

Mr. Mead, the eighty-two-year-old stipendiary who presides at Marlborough Street Police Court, London, has refused to convict two girls of soliciting on uncorroborated police evidence.

Well done! A few more such decisions and Mr. Mead will lose his reputation as one who has rarely erred on the side of mercy.

Boxer and Brute

"Seaman" Harry Wolfe, of Poplar Street, Middleton, near Manchester, is a well-known Lancashire boxer. He is also a brute who should never again be allowed to appear in a British ring.

He recently struck one of his wife's triplets (a baby girl of two) on the back with such force that when the child was examined by a doctor hours afterwards the imprint of his hand was clearly stamped on the infant's tender flesh.

We trust that if the "Seaman" should again select a sparring partner in this diabolical fashion, he will not escape with a month's hard labour.

Paying Twice

A few officious bureaucrats want to stop old-age pensioners, who have been in prison for one reason or another, collecting their arrears of pension on release, and spending some of them on a mild celebration of the occasion.

Leave the poor old folk to enjoy themselves as best they may, and don't hound them with the spectre of past sins!

The Resentful Vicar

Because Sir Maurice Boileau, Bart., gave the local Methodists permission to build a chapel on his land, the vicar of Kettringham, Norwich, the Rev. W. E. Duxson, has refused to allow Sir Maurice to read the lessons and has intimated that he will not again have him as vicar's warden.

The vicar is strictly within his rights in acting in this manner, despite the fact that the living is the baronet's gift!

But if he is a wise man he will explain without delay what appears to be an example of snobbish intolerance. Why shouldn't the Methodists have a chapel on an Anglican's land? As a matter of fact Sir Maurice will be heartily congratulated upon his impartial generosity by those of all sects and creeds.

Callous Comment

"It might have been better to have given him the rod instead of the money" was the heartless remark of Mr. F. A. Jones, coroner, at the inquest on a St. Helens' lad who was killed by falling stone at the Ariel Ropeway tip at Sherdley.

The mother had warned her boy of the danger and had given him money to go to a cinema.

Many coroners appear to be far too ready to volunteer opinions which are not only stupid, but add further to the agony of bereaved relatives.

Larwood, M.P.?

We have it from the "horse mouth" that Larwood, the demon bowler of the Test matches, is a Socialist.

Larwood

Why does not "Uncle" Arthur Henderson persuade Larwood to become one of his 500 political candidates?

We warrant that he would be welcomed in any constituency and that if he had anything like a sporting chance he would come home with a romping majority.

Larwood might easily be a more useful acquisition to the Party than, say, Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.

Under-the-carpet Tax

Revenue officials are acting like agents of the Inquisition in their attempts to squeeze an increased yield of betting tax out of bookmakers.

They invade bookmakers' offices, pry into every cupboard and drawer and even turn out waste-paper baskets and look underneath carpets for hidden records of secret gambling transactions.

The betting tax in itself has made the Government look silly. These espionage methods, however, are a serious matter. By what right do Mr. Churchill's minions treat all bookmakers as defaulting criminals?

Kindness to an Animal

When will magistrates learn how to deal with terrorising brutes like William John Thompson, of Field Common, Walton, who, after pleading guilty at Kingston to offences against his two young daughters, escaped with three months' imprisonment?

Only in October we recorded how he attempted to kill a dog by hitting it on the head with a hammer and then cutting its throat.

He cruelly ill-treated two women with whom he lived until he married his present wife, and the latter was forced to claim a separation from him on the grounds of persistent cruelty.

The leniency of the Kingston justices amazes us.

Now, "Jix"

What is the Home Secretary doing about the case of Joshua Townsend, of Harescombe, Gloucestershire, who was fined £15 with the alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment, at the Gloucester County Petty Sessions, because of the overcrowding of his cottage?

Townsend is an ex-soldier with a wife and six children and he made every effort to find other accommodation which he could afford within reasonable distance of his work.

He has now found another house. We urge the Home Secretary to mitigate the harsh sentence of the Court.

"Diddlers" of Dundee

It is something like two years since we cleansed London of the "fruit machine" swindlers, but there are still places where the "diddlers" are literally coining money for their owners.

We suggest, for instance, that the Dundee police immediately raid those numerous establishments where machines are operating and daily robbing the working man and woman of their hard-earned coppers.

There are scores, if not hundreds, of "diddlers" in Dundee, and the police, if they choose to act, will not find their task a difficult one.

A Daring Daniels

A Mr. Daniels is sending out circulars from his Pudsey studio to former applicants for his "drawing course," offering white earthenware statues at 3s. each.

If they are anything like the rest of Mr. Daniels' rubbish we advise readers not to waste their precious money.

S. Kagan, Ltd.

In our issue of January 19 we exposed the activities of the firm of S. Kagan, Ltd., which until recently carried on business in Westminster Bridge Road, London.

The firm in question was in no way connected with the firm of Messrs. Kagan and Co., Ltd., of 225, Oxford Street, W., and we gladly give publicity to this fact.

"Bullets" and Brains

Mr. Oswald Thomas, of Portmadoc, N. Wales, the fortunate winner of a £700 "Bullets" prize, is a convinced believer in the educational as well as the amusement value of our famous competition.

Mr O. Thomas

He has, he says, derived "education and a widening of outlook" from studying "Bullets" and, as he is an ex-chairman of his local council and chairman of the local Labour Party, his opinion is worth having.

Long Past Time Please!

Brewster sessions take place all over the country this week. At present there are a dozen different hours of opening and closing for public-houses.

"Time, please!" is called at ten o'clock on one side of Oxford Street, London, and at eleven across the way.

Parliament could well spend at least as long settling a uniform system for tavern hours as it does over the affairs of the House of Commons "kitchen" where there are no closing hours.

Devilish Mr. Priestman

John Robert Priestman, of Wigton, Cumberland, fastened up five cats in his kitchen, and then proceeded to batter their brains out with a heavy sweeping brush.

The savage cad escaped without even being fined, only having to pay 26s. costs. Some people might have given him as many lashes with another kind of "cat" as he had to pay shillings.

The Long, Long Trail

The Regent Mail Order Co., of 50, Whitcombe Street, W.C., advertised for ladies to hand-knit jumpers.

One of our readers who required more silk to finish the job received no reply, while another who sent money for her first supply has heard nothing since December 4.

A Hard Case

Income tax collectors rarely come in for much sympathy. Possibly they do not deserve much. But the case of a London collector who has been sentenced at Bow Street to three months in the second division is a hard one.

For three years his net salary had been £225, £215 and £210. When he applied for an increase owing to extra work the Inland Revenue authorities decided that his salary was too large. So they reduced it.

This man was in control of £250,000 a year.

The Bulldog's Bites

Manchester householders should beware of a doorstep dandy selling "odd lengths" of linoleum. They are indeed odd when unrolled.

* * *

Hanwell residents have been duped by a silk-stocking "snowball" scheme run by the Silk Company, of Island Wall, Whitstable. Remember the name in case attentions are directed elsewhere.

* * *

If you must place your bets with B. B. Austin, of 30, Maddox Street, Oxford Circus, don't be surprised if he "falls sick" when your winnings are due!

* * *

We recently exposed the "South London Staff Agency," of High Street, Croydon, for taking fees without finding jobs. An application for money back has now been returned to a victim marked "Gone."

* * *

Sheffield has been hoaxed by a suave canvasser selling, as an "advertising scheme," little "surprise packets" of "useful household necessities." When opened they are found to contain cheap and nasty imitation jewellery.

* * *

Claiming that "nearly every second ticket must win," Messrs. Wolter and Co., Postbox 112, Copenhagen, Denmark, are inviting Scotsmen to participate in the "world-famous Danish Colonial Money Lottery." We advise readers to keep their money.

* * *

We have often commented adversely on the methods of the Carlyle Publishing Company, of Kingsway, London. Their latest achievement has been to hound a poor Birkenhead man, who had incurred a debt with them, to the County Court. They secured a judgment summons, and the man's family scraped to save him from jail.

* * *

THURSDAYS NOW!

Do not forget that "John Bull's" regular day of sale is Thursday, not Wednesday.

Is the Empire BLEEDING BRITAIN?

As the first Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Snowden writes with authority on some vital Empire problems

by the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

The Rt. Hon. Leopold Stennett Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies

A NUMBER of things have happened recently which have set some people's minds wondering whether the British Empire is just an expensive luxury for the British taxpayer, or whether some material advantage does accrue to Great Britain from its vast oversens possessions.

Our million and a half of unemployed, with their three or four million dependants, get little satisfaction from the knowledge that they are citizens of an Empire on which the sun never sets.

The British manufacturer, who finds himself more and more excluded from the Dominion markets by the ever-rising tariff walls they build, cannot see why his Empire patriotism should make him cheerfully pay taxes to advertise the products of the Dominions which are to a great extent in competition with what Great Britain could produce.

When the Dominions are asked to help in relieving our unemployment problem by taking our surplus labour to fill their vacant spaces they raise every possible objection.

They insist upon picking and choosing the best of our people, and require that the greater part of the cost of transfer shall be borne by us.

Great Britain requires to maintain a powerful and very expensive Navy to protect the Empire. The main cost falls upon the British taxpayer.

Costly security

THE costly Singapore base, which is mainly for the protection of Australia and New Zealand, is being largely borne by the British taxpayer.

It is quite true that Great Britain does a very considerable trade with the Dominions and Protectorates. But we must not jump to the conclusion that this trade is due to, or depends upon, the Imperial association.

Our trade with the Dominions—that is, with Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa—arose because Great Britain lent vast sums to these new countries for their development, and the exports from there are largely in payment of the interest upon these loans.

The Dominions were able to borrow more cheaply in the London market. We have lent Australia about £1,000,000,000 at a lower rate of interest than she could have borrowed elsewhere.

Wherever Great Britain has made large investments there we do a large trade. Some time ago Sir Robert Horne put this fact in these words: "What does a loan mean? It only means the granting of a credit to the borrowing country to buy goods in the lending country."

If Great Britain had lent as freely to foreign countries as to the Dominions she would have had a corresponding volume of trade with those foreign countries. That is supported by the fact that we have lent considerable sums to the Argentine, and have now a great trade there.

In the first nine months of 1928, British exports to Australia fell to £40,585,000 compared with £46,207,000 in the corresponding months of the previous year; whereas the exports to the Argentine rose from £19,376,000 to £23,736,000 in the same period.

Trade follows neither sentiment nor the flag; it follows the moneylender and the salesman.

Other nations are doing a greater trade with our Dominions than Great Britain, and they are doing it under protection of the British Navy, paid for by the British taxpayers.

In the year 1925 (the latest figures given in the "Statistical Abstract") Australia imported goods to the value of £69,000,000 from the United Kingdom, and goods from foreign countries to the value of £66,500,000.

But an important fact in this connection should be noted. While the imports from this country into Australia are stationary, her imports from foreign countries are rapidly increasing.

Sheerest "bunkum"!

BETWEEN 1922 and 1925 Australia's imports from the United Kingdom rose by £16,000,000, and her imports from foreign countries by just under £30,000,000!

In those four years her imports from the United States more than doubled, rising from £19,000,000 to £39,000,000.

The case of Canada is still more staggering. In 1925 Canada imported goods from the United Kingdom to the value of £34,500,000 and from the United States to the value of £135,000,000!

Canada is a many times better customer of the United States than she is of Great Britain!

Much the same facts apply to Great Britain's other Dominions. The British taxpayer is paying for expensive advertising of Australian and Canadian produce. And these Dominions respond by spending the money they get from their exports to Great Britain in buying more and more goods from foreign countries.

In 1925, Canada received from the United Kingdom for goods we bought from her the sum of £104,000,000, and only bought from us goods to the value of £34,500,000. She spent the balance of £70,000,000 in buying from foreign countries.

All the talk about Imperial Preference is the sheerest "bunkum." We give the Dominions and Protectorates a preferential rate of duty on goods they send here which are dutiable. That is a loss which the British taxpayer has to make good.

The preference which the Dominions give to British imports is often a mere pretence.

The full tariff duties are fixed at a figure so high that after the reduced preferential rate has been allowed they still afford protection for the competitive Dominion productions.

The fact that Australia's imports of goods from foreign countries are increasing rapidly proves the farcical nature of the alleged preferential advantage.

British manufacturers are being driven out of the Empire markets by the high tariffs imposed on British goods by the Dominions. Well might the head of the Leicester hosiery manufacturing company—the Wolsey—say, as he did recently: "It is galling to Leicester hosiery manufacturers to be urged to eat Empire apples when they remember that Australian tariffs have shut Leicester hosiery out of what was formerly one of their best markets."

And many other once-prosperous British export trades are saying the same thing.

In the matter of emigration, too, the Dominions are not pursuing an exclusively British policy. Our arrangement with certain of the Dominions is that the British taxpayer shall pay half the cost of settling emigrants.

The argument in support of this expense falling on the British taxpayer is that we shall gain an ultimate benefit from increased trade. But, as I have shown, any increase is more likely to go to foreign countries than to Great Britain.

The immigration into the Dominions is less from the United Kingdom than from foreign countries. In 1925 the total number of immigrants into Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa was 103,000 from the United Kingdom, and 166,000 from foreign countries!

The population of the Dominions is slowly, but surely, becoming largely non-British.

I have dealt with only one aspect of the Empire problem. But it is important when so much sentimental nonsense and economic heresy about trade and the Empire is being widely advertised.

We'll lose them all!

THERE is another side to the problem. Policies are being pushed both in the Dominions and at home which will, if carried on, certainly lead to the disruption of the Empire.

If the several parts of the Empire are to be independent and competitive economic units, the mere bond of sentiment and speech and common origin will never keep the Empire together, any more than it did with America.

We lost one colony there by taxing it for the benefit of the Motherland; and if we are not careful we shall lose them all by taxing the Motherland for their benefit.

If the Empire can be held together by a common economic policy, and by co-operation for the development of all parts of it for the good of all, and if such a British Empire maintains a policy, not of exclusiveness, but of friendship and co-operation with the rest of the world, I believe it might be the greatest instrument for world peace and advancement of human welfare which has ever been constructed.

The triennial Imperial Conferences never get below the surface of the real Imperial problems. They are vast; they are difficult and complicated. But on their solution, not only the future of the Empire, but the future of the world, depends.

What do they meet for?

FORTY-TWO years ago the Premiers of our various self-governing Dominions met in London for the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

From that origin may be traced the Imperial Conference, for representatives of our far-flung possessions have since come together at spasmodic intervals to discuss matters of Empire.

But they seldom get below the surface, though, as the accompanying article shows, there are numerous vital problems that clamour for attention.

The last conference held was in 1926, and the gathering scheduled for this year has been postponed until 1930.

C A N D I D C O M M U N I C A T I O N S

IRELAND'S *Sinister* "KNIGHTS"

Our Infant Samuel—A Dreamy Duke—A Casual Woman Doctor —Novelist's Nonsense—His Good Turn

Mr. COSGRAVE, *President Irish Free State Executive Council*

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear that members of your Government are doing their best to discourage the attempt which is being made to establish the "Knights of Columbus" Secret Order in the Free State.

This organisation has not proved to be a power for good in America, where its operations are widespread.

The Free State can do without a society whose object is to influence political decisions, which after all must be taken by yourself and your Cabinet without any suggestions of underground pressure.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR ROSTRON,
c/o Cunard Line, Liverpool

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—Congratulations on your nomination to the French Legion of Honour. This foreign distinction may shame Britain into taking more notice of her sailor sons.

I admire, too, your habit of offering a prayer of thankfulness from the bridge of your vessel whenever she docks safely at her voyage's end.

Manly and unaffected piety is all too rare nowadays, even among such as go down to the sea in ships and earn their bread on the sea.

JOHN BULL.

The DUKE OF MONTROSE,
C.B., C.V.O.
Buchanan Castle, Glasgow

YOUR GRACE,—I have a secret to tell you. Bonnie Prince Charlie, like a famous ancestor of your own, is dead. As a leader of the Scottish Nationalist movement, you really ought to know this.

What is more, you should realise that the desire for Scottish Home Rule died with him. If you are in doubt consult Mr. Spence, the Scottish Nationalist candidate in the Midlothian by-election who polled only 842 votes.

I assure your Grace that the Scots are quite satisfied to rule Scotland—and the rest of Britain as well—from Westminster. JOHN BULL.

The Rev. LEONARD BAKER SHORT,
Unitarian Minister, Shrewsbury

DEAR SIR,—Your congregation has given you three months' notice, because you introduced politics, sex and personalities into your sermons.

I congratulate you on your prospective freedom from such a flock. Money, sex and politics are among the realities which make up the lives of ordinary men and women, and if a preacher is debarred from dealing with them in downright terms, his sermons must indeed be sterile.

The Founder of Christianity himself had much to say on money, sex and politics. JOHN BULL.

CHARLES SWINSKY,
c/o Bow Street Police Court, London

DEAR SWINSKY—(alias Winskey),—You are such a bad egg that even your native Russia will not receive you home.

Refusing to work, you drift from one casual ward to the next, a constant expense and nuisance to this country. Now you are busy on six months' hard labour; a sentence you received for failing to comply with an order made by the Home Secretary.

Next time you step into the dock (as you certainly will) I trust you will receive so stiff a punishment, that it will scare you to try another holiday resort for idlers—say, the Riviera.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. ROSE MOSS,
Lea Bridge Road, Leyton

DEAR DOCTOR,—But for your casual indifference little Fred Hughes, a ten-year-old patient of yours, might still be alive.

You suspected that he had diphtheria, and sent a nurse to take a swab of his throat. Nevertheless you never called to diagnose the child's condition, but merely gave his mother a bottle of tonic for him.

At the inquest the local medical officer, stated that the boy would have had a chance of living if treated earlier. I hope his words and the coroner's censure may sink into your heart. JOHN BULL.

Mr. PEARCE,
Australia

DEAR MR. PEARCE,—For catching out Mr. Jardine in the recent M.C.C. —Bendigo match and thus allowing your enthusiasm as a cricketer to get the better of your neutrality as an umpire, you have been removed from the list of Australian umpires.

We always knew cricket was a serious thing in the Commonwealth, but we never dreamed the Executive of the game had *completely* lost its sense of humour. JOHN BULL.

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE,
Isle of Jethou, Channel Islands

DEAR COMPTON,—When you so alarmed a Glasgow audience by prophesying a war between Britain and America, you exceeded even your own reputation for fiction.

I advise you to keep to such harmless hobbies as novel writing and playing the gramophone. If you let your imagination roam into international affairs you may find yourself not in "Sinister Street," but in Queer Street. JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL
The Reform Club, London, S.W.1

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—I know that politicians rate the electors' intelligence very low, but you appear to imagine that we are all completely imbecile.

What is the use of stumping the country and making grandiloquent announcements that the Liberals will have no hand in any coalition whatever the result of the Election?

If the Tories get turned out of power, some kind of working agreement will be inevitable, or no Party will be able to form a Government.

It's all very well for you to pose as "stern and uncompromising" in your Liberalism, but you cannot hope to deceive all the people, all the time.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. S. ASHMOLE,
Wallasey Commissioner of Scouts

DEAR SIR,—When you found that your local committee had no money to send to Ammanford (South Wales) for distress relief, you placed a hundred pounds from your own pocket to their account, so that the needy would not go entirely without.

Such a good deed cannot pass unnoticed, much as you would desire it.

JOHN BULL.

NOT from 2LO—DEAN INGE

He's Gotter Motter

ALWAYS GLOOMY *and* GLUM

"When the cloth I donned as a very young man,
Said I to myself, said I:
I'll work on a new and original plan—
Said I to myself, said I.
When as a young curate at tea-time I call,
No small-talk or quips will I offer, but all
The time I will act like a very damp pall,
Said I to myself, said I.
"And when as a vicar I rise to preach—
Said I to myself, said I;
No lessons of brotherly love will I teach—
Said I to myself, said I.
That the land's overcrowded, I'll mention instead,
And ask why the masses their children have bred
To live on the 'dole' and paint politics 'Red'—
Said I to myself, said I.
"And if I should ever be Dean of St. Paul's—
Said I to myself, said I—
I'll keep in the limelight whatever befalls—
Said I to myself, said I.
That there's hope in the future I'll never confess,
But insist that the world's in a deuce of a mess,
While I pocket my fees from the Church and the Press—
Said I to myself, said I."

"And you must admit, dear brethren, I've been true to that plan. So that, by strict attention to my duty as a journalist and by giving (or, rather, selling) to Fleet Street what was meant for mankind, I now find myself Dean of St. Paul's.

"And if you have not had the horror of reading my latest address on 'The Future of Democracy,' I can only urge you to read, learn and (if possible) digest it. After which, I can assure you, you will be sadder, if not wiser, men and women.

"As I pointed out in that masterly oration, democracy in this country has bred an enormous parasitic class whose ideal is idleness.

"And you know what Satan finds for idle hands to do. True, he sometimes thrusts a fountain-pen into them, but that is all to the good if their owner were born in the right cradle and sent to the right public school.

"But the hands of the Lower Orders, when not held out to receive the "dole," are too often placed to the nose for making insulting gestures at their betters.

"I observe that you laugh; but I did not consent to appear on the music-hall stage as a figure of fun, but only to bring home to you the terrible evils of democratic government.

"Ignorant oafs sing about keeping the Red Flag flying, but when the outlook is 'blue' it is a different colour that's wanted:

"So hoist the sad blue banner high,
Beneath its folds we'll wail and sigh;
While others strive, we'll carp and sneer—
And keep the Blue Flag flying here!"

"My own view is that before things get better they will be much worse. What else can you expect in a country where important questions are decided by counting heads, irrespective of what is inside them.

"And now that the Flapper Vote has been inflicted upon us these questions will be decided by counting silk stockings regardless of the calves inside them.

"But whatever may be the result of giving votes to fatted calves as well as to empty heads, I am firmly convinced that all will continue to be for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds, for:

"I've gotter motter:
'Always gloomy and glum.'
Looking around, I always spot
Something or other that's going to pot.
The sun may shine, but still the world's a mad one;
I've often said to myself: 'Dear brother,
When it's not one thing it's always another—
A long life, but a sad one!'"

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. F. H. CARPENTER: "Within ten years paternity clinics will be found as necessary as maternity clinics."

Why not now?

* * *

LORD EUSTACE PERCY: "The same manager of a business enterprise is not afraid of spending money on the most efficient machinery."

Then why not apply the principle to the terrific business of national education?

* * *

MR. BEN TILLETT: "Working men do not want to be rebels."

Then why do their leaders waste so much time and energy in trying to make them rebellious?

* * *

MR. BALDWIN: "If nothing wild, uncertain or revolutionary arrests the process we shall move before long into better times."

Make the times certain by sensible legislation and the rest will look after itself.

GODDARD'S OTHER CRIMES

—and the Men he Ruined

George Goddard, the worst black sheep the police force has known for forty years

Mrs. Merrick, the "Night Club Queen," whose more notable prosecutions followed our exclusive exposures

Mr. Jack Hayes, M.P., who is interesting himself in the case of Sgt. Joslin whose full story we now tell

THE British public which has followed with tense interest the Sergeant Goddard drama, from the capture to the conviction, knows only a tenth of the secret history of the most colossal police scandal of modern times.

It does not realise the size and strength of the intrigue that led to a seven-pound-a-week police officer amassing a hidden fortune of thousands of pounds.

Goddard was no mere acceptor of bribes. He was a hard-thinking, cold-feeling crook, with a genius for organised deception. He was a terrorist and a blackmailer.

He was the supreme liar, the most brilliant of bluffers. He planned and plotted with the calm and cunning of inborn dishonesty.

Penalised officers

Nor does the public know the whole truth about his police record.

Before the war, Goddard rose to a sergeant of the C.I.D., but drank heavily and was reduced to the ranks by Inspector Badcock, of Wandsworth, and drafted for ordinary traffic duty.

That taught Goddard a lesson. He decided to "reform." He attended zealously to duty, and quickly attained the rank of Station Sergeant, with permission to wear plain clothes.

To all intents and purposes he had "made good," but certain of his fellow officers soon became aware that he was merely using his official position to enrich himself.

Vague reference has been made in the Press to the effect that certain police officers who lodged complaints against Goddard some time ago have been punished in consequence.

The full facts, which we are here enabled to reveal, are truly amazing.

Will it be believed that during the past few years a number of officers who were detailed for duty in the uniformed branch of which Goddard was Station Sergeant, *have lost their jobs* because, being unable to work in a maze of intrigue, they submitted adverse reports about him?

According to police regulations it is a grave offence to report against a superior officer except, in the first place, through the "usual channels."

A shameful case

This would have meant, in effect, that the reports would have had to go first of all to Goddard, who naturally could have dealt with them exactly as he wished!

Resenting this restriction, the officers went over the sergeant's head, with the result that they were dismissed the Force.

The worst case is that of Section-Sergeant Joslin, who, for something like fifteen years, had an enviable police record.

When deputed to make enquiries regarding street bookmakers and gaming dens, he came to the conclusion that Goddard was associating with undesirable characters, and reported the matter to a higher officer.

Goddard—in the same manner that was plainly portrayed at the Old Bailey—lied away the man's livelihood.

Relying on regulations, he demanded that Joslin should prove his charges. Joslin could not and, before a disciplinary board at Scotland Yard was dismissed the Force, losing honour and pension.

To-day he has sought Parliamentary aid in regaining his prestige and position. Mr. Jack Hayes, once a policeman himself, has taken up the cudgels on his behalf, and we are pleased publicly to support him.

Goddard's ruthless attitude towards honest police officers whose presence interfered with his intrigues long ago made him the most hated man in the Force.

Reign of terror

It is officially believed that most of the anonymous letters which finally brought about his downfall emanated from junior police officers who had suffered at his hands.

He did not always play the "straight" game towards those lawbreakers whom he systematically bled.

Col. P. R. Laurie, C.B.E., D.S.O., Deputy Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard, who should investigate the cases of officers penalised by Goddard

Once, when a club called the *Palais Royal* was being run on improper lines, Goddard was handed a wad of pound notes in a street off Shaftesbury Avenue—*yet he raided the place the same night.*

Often, too, he would accept bribes from offenders *after* he had raided their premises.

In one case an alien was charged at Bow Street with running a disorderly house and was in danger of being deported.

Goddard was approached and offered £25 if he could save the offender from deportation by suppressing evidence. "Make it half a hundred," he snapped, "and I'll see what can be done."

He was just about to enter the witness box as the money was handed over, and with £50 in his pocket he unblushingly upheld his own prisoner!

During his prosecution at the Old Bailey it was never proved that Goddard received the money direct from law-breaking club proprietors.

As a matter of fact he very often didn't appear personally in the transactions at all. He was in touch with a number of aliens who carried out the actual negotiations on his behalf.

We know of one case where a man, who has for years made his living by the illicit sale of liquor in night clubs, and who knew that no profits could be made if Goddard did his duty, wanted Goddard's "protection."

"Fixed rate" bribes

He got in touch with Goddard through the medium of one of his "go-betweens" and was told that he could run without interference upon the payment of £60 a month!

This offer was made only a few months ago, and shows that, in one instance alone, he was willing to close his eyes to a club's existence for a bribe of no less than £720 a year!

As a matter of fact £60 a month was his standard stipulation where profitable clubs were concerned. This is significant as being the sum demanded from Ribufli, who has now gone to jail with him.

Much of the money was handed over to him at a disreputable Restaurant in Bloomsbury, which was a camouflaged disorderly house run by two people named Mariani and Pelloto.

Here, where he was always called "Mr. G.," the sergeant would discuss "terms" with night club proprietors, turning a blind eye upon the exact nature of the "restaurant."

What the waiter knew!

One waiter there was often sent to a local bank by Goddard, who would give him Treasury notes to change into bank notes. More often than not the amount so involved was £60!

It has not yet been revealed that Goddard had permanent "headquarters" in London, where he met his informants, dupes and "go-betweens."

Every evening, between the hours of seven and nine, he would loiter in the vicinity of Sutton Street, Charing Cross Road—a narrow alley running between the latter road and Soho Square.

Anyone who wanted to see him on "business" would be certain to "drop across" him there.

Lost £8,000!

It is not surprising that he did not resign when his twenty-five years' service was completed in 1927.

In the first place he had his secret fortune to dispose of, and, secondly, he was afraid that, when his power was gone, his numerous enemies would "blab."

When, therefore, the Yard commenced enquiries a few months ago, he had £20,000 in notes to conceal with all possible speed.

Apart from what he left in the safe deposits, he placed £8,000 in a parcel which he gave to a man to conceal for him.

The truth leaked out, the man opened the parcel and is now in South Africa—with the £8,000, or what remains of it!

While the public is still talking of the £12,000 found in his safe deposits we know that his tainted fortune is probably more in the region of £70,000 or £80,000.

There are other secret investments which it will probably be impossible ever to trace.

We understand that the authorities have promised to review the cases of the honest police officers who were penalised by him.

Work to be done

Those who were wrongfully dismissed the Force should immediately be placed on pension. Those who were reduced in rank must be reinstated forthwith.

Nor will that complete their task.

There are a number of aliens who carried out negotiations with night-clubs and brothels for Goddard, who was wary of appearing too prominently in the dishonest transactions. They must be ferreted out and deported.

Then, and only then, will it be possible to say that the Goddard case is concluded.

TWO BRAZEN PLUNDERERS

A Swindle in Everything

Who would suspect that from these dingy "headquarters" Sturley and Ellison conducted their amazing coups?

THERE is no room in the British business world for the Plunderers of Plaistow, whose amazing ramp we expose below.

We trust that, following these revelations, immediate steps will be taken to protect legitimate traders from being further victimised.

For months past a firm styled James Benson, and describing itself as "hotel and restaurant suppliers" and "cigar and cigarette merchants," has been operating from Swete Street, Plaistow.

It has sent extensive orders for an amazing variety of goods to business houses in all parts of the country.

Usually it has pressed for immediate delivery by the first available goods train or by carrier, the reason given being that the goods are needed to complete an urgent order.

Benson's have, when necessary, complied with requests for references, and these have appeared, on the surface, to be satisfactory.

There has also been no hesitation in promising to pay on delivery.

Firms which have executed orders for James Benson have discovered that, once the goods have been delivered, the task of extracting payment is an almost impossible one.

Victims everywhere

We know of a provincial firm, for instance, which received an order for tyres, with an attached note, pleading urgency.

The tyres were immediately sent by carrier, but the account which followed was ignored, and all subsequent attempts to secure settlement have been unavailing.

There are scores of other traders in a similar position. Many, unable to get any sort of satisfaction, have resorted to legal action—with the same result.

Even County Court judgments are useless!

The goods which the Benson firm has obtained in this manner have comprised a weird assortment.

Boots and shoes, gelatine, hamcloths, socks, soft goods of all kinds, cigars—anything, almost, that has taken their fancy.

Some idea of the extent of the ramp may be gauged from a few of the individual accounts, chosen at random: £33 11s. 2d., £33 12s. 6d., £24 6s. 6d., £19 17s. 2d., £19 1s. 3d., £18 10s., £18 2s. 2d., and £15 17s. We could go on almost indefinitely.

Enquiries made by our Investigation Department reveal the fact that the proprietor of this disgraceful concern is not named Benson at all, but is a certain George Sturley, who has been connected with other bogus undertakings.

His father is the notorious "Bob" Sturley, who ran various long-firm frauds, and has more than once been sent to jail.

George Sturley's office in Swete Street, Plaistow, is the home of another "firm" called Ellison Brothers, the notepaper of which, even down to the telephone number, is practically identical with his own.

"Ellison Brothers" is run on almost the same lines as "Benson's," and we were not surprised to find that it is a one-man concern with one, Cecil Munroe Ellison, who has been connected with many long-firm swindles, at the helm.

A few months ago, from an office in Upper Thames Street, London, he was running a business called R. H. Hardy and Co., specialising in "rush" orders on the same lines as "Benson's" have been doing.

Many business houses were "let down," including a number of whisky dealers in Scotland.

Complaints, too, were lodged against R. H. Hardy, alias Ellison, and he quietly closed the business down, leaving his creditors to "whistle" for their money!

Ellison's commercial record is anything but a proud one. In 1925 he and a man named Arthur Roberts were connected with a bogus business in South London, by means of which they obtained huge quantities of goods by false pretences and disposed of them for cash.

Both were arrested. Ellison was lucky only to be bound over, but Roberts was sent to penal servitude for three years.

Before he became an associate of George Sturley, Ellison was concerned with a swindling company in Covent Garden styled R. V. Sturley, Limited, run by the father.

It induced traders in all parts of the country to part with market produce for which they never received a penny-piece.

Bring them to book!

Another venture of the enterprising Munroe Ellison was a concern which had temporary offices in Cheapside.

This was a supposed colonial textile agency, but after a large quantity of goods had been obtained and the bills began to roll in, Ellison discreetly "closed down."

His present concern, "Ellison Brothers," was, according to his notepaper, "Registered in 1924." This is just another lie. It is not even registered to-day!

A couple of the biggest blackguards this side of the jail walls, Ellison and George Sturley must be made to answer for their audacious dishonesty without delay.

Ravenous Corporation's SIX-FIGURE "SECOND HELPING"

INVESTORS will shortly be asked to subscribe something like a quarter of a million pounds to a new issue for capital to be made by a concern known as the British and Allied Investments Corporation, Ltd., of Princes Street, London, E.C.

We are not aware of what inducements may be offered, or of what estimates and contracts the directors will be able to place before the public as the basis of their appeal.

What we *do* know is this: That the past record of the Corporation has been extremely unhappy.

The British and Allied Investments Corporation was formed in 1925, in order that a forerunner, known by the same name and which had got into serious financial difficulties, could be taken over and "reconstructed."

A "nasty knock" was administered to the old shareholders as the result of this move.

Huge "dead loss"

Of the £400,000 which had been issued in £1 shares, the directors "wrote off" £300,000 as dead loss. The shareholders only saved a fourth of their holdings from the wreck, being given a £1 share in the new concern for every £4 in the old!

The investors looked for big things as the result of the "reconstruction." They were disillusioned.

No dividends were, of course, paid on the first £400,000 subscribed. And now, three years later, no dividend has been paid on the remaining £100,000, nor, indeed, upon a further £23,000 that was raised when the new scheme was introduced.

Recently, the shareholders were told that a further "reconstruction" was necessary, owing to additional losses, and that the directors proposed to "write off" three-quarters of the £123,000 as lost!

And now, in order that the house of the British and Allied Investments Corporation shall be put into order—the directors "foreshadow" a return of over 6 per cent.—an appeal for a further £300,000 is to be made.

Most of the directors are gentlemen who are well on in years. The majority, for that reason, are to leave the board.

Much of the money has been lost as the result of investments in other companies.

Consistent bad luck

One is a concern known as Stableford and Company, Ltd., which, although successful years ago, has, for the past eight years or so, gone steadily downhill towards bankruptcy.

With a paid-up capital of £242,000, it dealt in the wagon-building and haulage industry.

* * *

About 1919 it encountered an annual loss of £22,000. Trade depression, however, was responsible and the company in this respect cannot be blamed.

But, in 1923, the directors of Stableford and Company made a bold move.

When the financial position of the company was going from bad to worse, they created a series of debentures to the extent of £180,000.

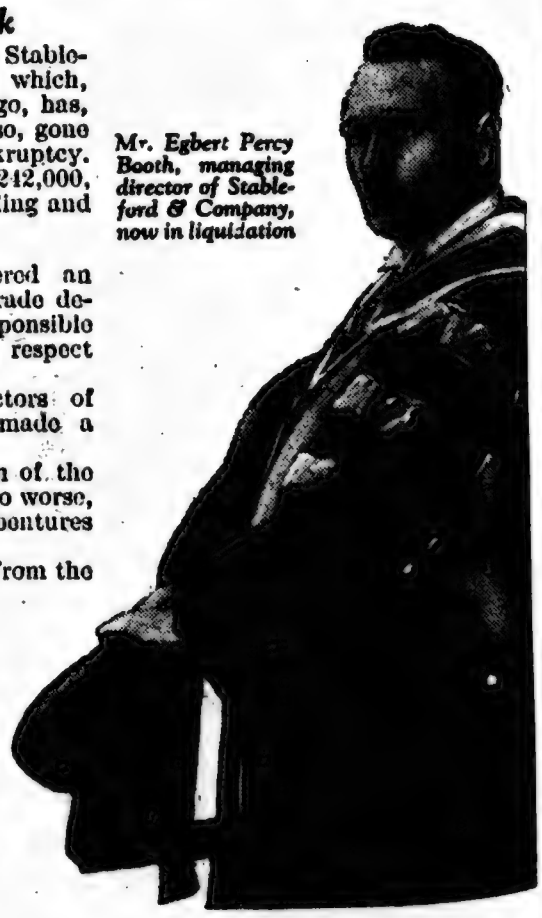
Much of the money came from the British and Allied Investments Corporation.

Every year since then, Stableford and Company has lost money. In 1926 its loss was £45,000, while in 1927 it was £74,000. Last year it went into liquidation.

Then there is the Cokak Cotton Mills, Ltd., which was financed by the company to a large extent.

This, too, is now in liquidation, with the result that the directors of the British and Allied Investments Corporation are unable to state whether or not they will be lucky enough to receive anything substantial from the wreck.

In view of all this, we certainly think that potential investors should demand some tangible evidence of future prospects regarding the new scheme of "reconstruction."



Mr. Egbert Percy Booth, managing director of Stableford & Company, now in liquidation

The WOLF at the PARSON'S DOOR

"Feed My Sheep"—but why Starve the Shepherds?

THE Church of England is rich enough, and should be charitable enough, to protect its servants from the shame and pain of poverty.

Instead it turns a blind eye to the poor-house to which hundreds of clergy are driven year by year.

We call it the "Parson's Poor-House," but the Church refers to it in less disquieting language as the "Poor Clergy Relief Corporation"!

But it is impossible to avoid the truth. Last year no fewer than 2,107 applications for help were received there.

It must be remembered that the "Poor House" primarily assists emergency cases only. The distress that is not relieved must not be forgotten in reflecting on this grave evil within the Church.

Grievously underpaid, many with big houses and often large families, the penalised parsons struggle on.

With stout hearts they are preaching about the loaves and fishes, after breakfasting on the odds and ends from a pathetically empty larder.

Driven to suicide

There are those whose pride will not allow them to disclose their difficulties. They walk into the clutches of moneylenders. Sometimes they are saved in time; sometimes not.

Our readers will recollect a case in which a clergyman was found in the river with a bunch of summonses and writs in his pockets, the last of which had been issued on the same fateful day.

What need of comment on that? He was driven to death by man when he should have lived on in the service of God.

The case stands as a stark example of the lengths to which harassed and sweated clergy may be driven.

Only recently a JOHN BULL representative had reason to call on a country parson at his residence. He was courteously asked to stay to tea.

The meal was already being served. It consisted of thin, watery "tea" and bread meagrely spread with margarine!

It was the usual meal. He ate without a sigh, remembering that he was a cleric and forgetting that he was a man.

Widespread distress

The "Parson's Poor House," or the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, had, up till April last, aided 51,017 cases of clerical distress, with sums varying from £5 to £75 and with "relief in kind."

When we add that the average age of the clergy at work in the Church of England to-day is about fifty-two years, our readers will realise even more adequately the sorry plight of those veteran men of God.

In one instance that has come to our notice, a man who had served the Church for thirty-five years was offered a new curacy, but could not afford his removal expenses!

Another, whose health broke down after forty-six years' service, was ordered away to the West Coast by his doctor. He could not have gone had not the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation made him a grant!

We know, too, of an incumbent in the Midlands who even had to apply to the Corporation for assistance to meet the expenses of his wife's funeral.

Perhaps one of the most pathetic cases is that of an aged incumbent who has devoted fifty-two years to the Church Ministry, during which time he has never had a real holiday. Doctors strongly advised a change of air, but he was too poor even to snatch a week's respite.

Pathetic appeals

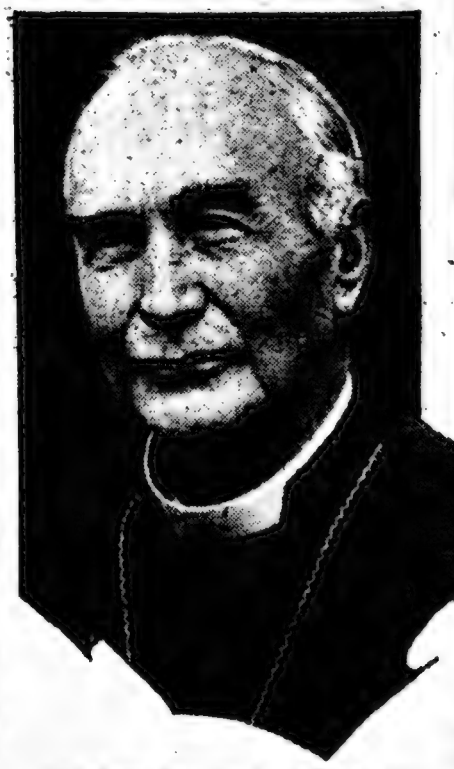
How moving, too, is this note from a country parson: "The carphone you sent is proving very satisfactory and is a great help to me in my work." It is like the joy of a poor child given its first penny.

To another books are a "luxury"! Another writes pathetically that for a year he has struggled against asking for clothes, but at last he had to yield as he "had so little." What pathos lurks behind that little cameo of realism!

We know of a curate, a married man of fifty-nine, who, after thirty-three years' service, had an income of £150 a year. When offered a living he would not have been able to move, but for the "Poor House" paying his expenses.

That is the sort of tragedy that exists behind the scenes of the Church of England to-day.

We could quote cases indefinitely, cases packed with details of the shoddy, sordid treatment meted out to those men who have given their lives to mankind, men on whose education thousands of pounds had in some cases been spent.



The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, President of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation

The Most Rev. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Patron of the Corporation

Without a private income the task of making ends meet is often overwhelming. It should not be so.

The parson should be properly paid. Where the parish cannot meet the cost the Church should dip its hand into its well-lined pockets.

There are the widows and orphans to be considered, too.

In this connection also we know of many sad cases; only lack of space prevents publication of the sorry details.

Churchgoers must rectify the wrong. This stain on the name of the Church must be bleached.

That a single parson should climb the altar steps with faltering feet, an aching heart and often an empty stomach, is an abominable scandal that can no longer be tolerated.

BUNKUM *about* BUMPS

A Professor of Spoof

PROFESSOR KESWICK, the "renowned phrenologist," has been visiting Worthing to take both the seaside air and as much of the seaside money as he can.

It may have been Worthing's renowned sunshine or the effect of the salubrious sea breezes, but he opened his campaign there with positively sensational gestures of generosity.

Professor Keswick

Not only did he invite all and sundry to have the "treat of their lives" at a series of eleven "lectures" at the Literary Institute, Montague Road, but he offered discounts of 25 and 33 per cent. on some of his astounding propositions.

We have seen the imposing lecture programme and we find that the learned professor has been discoursing on a medley of subjects.

* * *

These range from "Noses and how to read them" to "Love, courtship and marriage," and from "Dyspepsia: its cause and cure" to "Memory and how to improve it."

In addition, the philanthropic professor even offered a bound volume of his works for the ridiculous sum of a shilling.

The shilling, he said, "hardly paid for its production"; in fact, the literary child of his genius was thrown in for nothing.

But the life work of this public benefactor is not confined to the lecture hall.

For fees ranging from half-a-guinea to two guineas the professor is prepared to give you a "full reading" of your health, temperament, faults, abilities—of what to eat and what not to eat, of how to build up body and mind.

Saying the Children

BOYS will be boys and climb trees, slide down banisters and get into every kind of mischief. Girls—particularly modern girls—will be girls, and join in the fun.

But to-day if children meet with accidents at home, at school or at play, their mothers will receive a JOHN BULL cheque towards the doctor's bill.

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift now includes the children in its wide embrace. You will find registration forms and further particulars on page 2.

The amount of information, of course, depends on the amount of money you spend.

Those who reside at a distance need not be discouraged, for the professor is perfectly willing to cope with their wishes and requests from his headquarters at Wigton, Cumberland.

It is only necessary to send a photograph, and a "correct description of their character" will be sent.

Of course, the formality of sending 7s. 6d. for a "brief verbal statement" and 21s. 6d. for "a fuller description" must not be overlooked.

The professor will also supply a "Special health chart," which will explain why you are too fat or too thin and offer suggestions for strengthening the digestive organs and the liver.

* * *

Thrown in with all this for the fee of half-a-guinea is a "diet table," specially drawn up by the professor, which is "of great value to sufferers."

The Professor of Spoof, we understand, is to visit Leicester and other towns and cities, where he will lecture on how he has triumphed where doctors have failed.

We suggest that he restricts his bunkum to Wigton, Cumberland—that is, of course, if Wigton will have him.

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SALT for the SEA DOGS' TAIL

by A. G. GARDINER

Winston's Naval Engagement

IT is not often that I have the pleasure of being in agreement with Mr. Churchill. He is a man of astonishing and various gifts, but of indifferent judgment.

As politicians go, I should call him an unusually honest man.

He never cants, and though he changes his Party as light-heartedly as he would change his partner at a dance, he is always loyal to the only Party he has ever pretended to believe in—that is, the Party assembled under his own hat.

The danger with him is that he is not the master of his ideas. He is the victim of them.

If his wisdom were equal to his force, he would be the greatest statesman this country has produced for half a century, but he is as likely to run amok on the wrong track as on the right.

Just now, I rejoice to say, he is on the right track. He is engaged in a battle royal with the Admiralty over the construction of the three new cruisers which have been authorised, but the building of two of which he wishes to postpone, thereby saving the expenditure of one and a half millions sterling.

The worst offender

In this struggle Mr. Churchill deserves the enthusiastic backing of the public on two grounds.

In the first place, because the time has come when the Treasury must recover its control over the spending departments.

In Gladstone's day that control was a reality. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was the watchdog of the public purse, and the spendthrifts were kept severely under hatches.

But they have been breaking bounds for a generation, and the war let them loose like licensed freebooters over the whole national estate.

And the worst offender among the spending departments is the Admiralty. It has no bowels of compassion for the taxpayer, and its appetite is insatiable.

It was that department which brought Mr. Churchill's father to disaster more than forty years ago, when he tried to put a check on the ravenous demands of our sea-lords.

Why waste millions?

Lord Randolph failed because the facts were against him. We were good friends with France and we were not having periodical panics about Russia.

But the situation is entirely different to-day. Forty years ago we had still twenty years ago, we had two great and powerful naval rivals in Europe.

France, Germany and Russia all had navies which, if not comparable with our own, were nevertheless formidable.

To-day, leaving submarines out of the question, the whole naval power of the Continent would hardly be more effective against the British Navy than a fleet of fishing-smacks.

Why, in these circumstances, should millions of the public money be poured out in adding to a domination already unchallengeable? What do we want these ships for? Against whom are they being built?

Whatever happens in Europe in the next ten years our naval position is so invulnerable that nothing untoward can happen to us at sea.

We have such a huge balance in hand that to add to it is sheer and meaningless wastrelism.

We once offered Germany a "naval holiday"—that is, we offered to stop building ships if she would. She refused and the war came.

Fight the "brass hats"

But to-day we can declare "a naval holiday" of our own, without asking anybody.

Why, in the name of common sense, should we be denied the privilege of saving a bit of money by the voracity of a little nest of "experts" in Whitehall?

But there is another and much more urgent reason why the country should back Mr. Churchill in his fight against the "brass hats" of the Admiralty.

I have spoken of the situation in Europe. But there is a world outside Europe, and another country which is very much on the map. I mean the United States.

We are constantly assured by our statesmen that a war with the United States is unthinkable, and that in our naval plans we leave that country out of the picture.

If we believe this why do we not implement the belief in action?

On the contrary, we have made the most deplorable mess of our naval negotiations with the United States.

I do not say we are alone to blame. I do not think we are. But we are chiefly to blame, and it is precisely those "experts" of Whitehall, living in a world of ideas, that is dead and gone, who are responsible for our part of the blame.

They have not realised yet, what every thoughtful, unprejudiced mind cannot fail to see, that the experience of the war has changed the whole naval problem for us.

The submarine has made us the most vulnerable nation on earth, for we have not only the densest population in the world, but we live on ocean-borne food supplies.

Germany brought us definitely near disaster in April and May of 1917—how near, only those at the centre of things will ever know.

Let there be another war, and the whole purpose of the enemy will be to strike the first day at our food supplies.

That peril changes the whole outlook for us. So far from the American doctrine of the "freedom of the seas" being a menace to our safety, it offers us the only security we can have against the new conditions of sea-warfare.

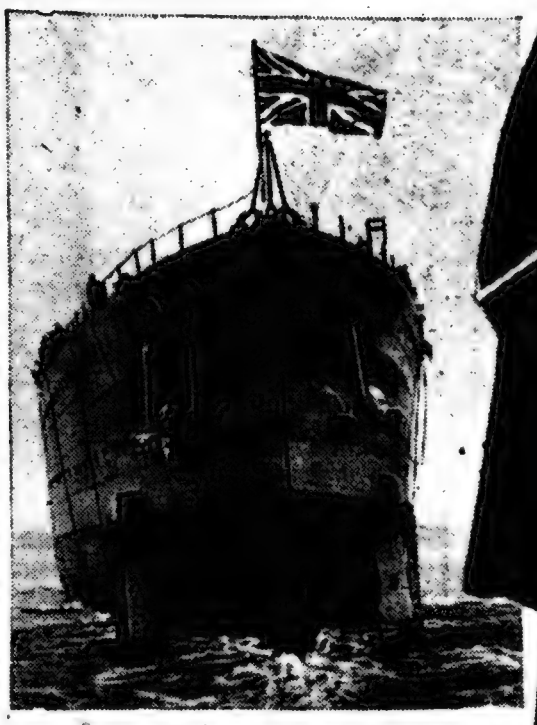
Antique "experts"

Why, in these circumstances, are we boggling and finessing in this great matter?

Why are we filling the American mind with suspicions by fair words about "unthinkable" war and foolish concessions to the antiquated notions of the Whitehall "experts"?

We have now a chance of ending these mischievous misunderstandings. A decision to drop these cruisers will change the whole atmosphere in America, and lead the way to a common policy at sea between the two great English-speaking Powers.

Let Mr. Churchill stick to his guns. Let the Government make this great gesture, and he and they will not only banish the idea of war, but will establish the peace of the world on the surest foundation it can have—that of an indestructible understanding between the two greatest Powers in the world.



The Dorsetshire, launched at Portsmouth Dockyard only the other day, brings the strength of cruisers of the County class up to eleven. Are they all needed?

"In this struggle Mr. Churchill deserves the enthusiastic backing of the public."

The Rt. Hon. William Bridgeman is a jaunty and jovial First Lord of the Admiralty

THE RIDDLE OF "De-Rating"

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., who introduces the De-Rating Bill

AFTER October 1, this year, all factories and workshops will be relieved of three-quarters of their rates.

This certainly achieves the sound principle of not taxing the tools of production, but there is, unfortunately, no provision that this relief shall be passed on to the consumer in the shape of lower prices.

Railways, canals, harbours and docks have already been relieved of three-quarters of their rates since December 1, 1928. In their case they are bound to pass on the reduction in the form of reduced freight charges.

THUS, apparently, industries which are already relieved of three-quarters of their rates, are going to get still more relief in the form of lower charges for transport.

Where does the consumer come in? Where is the guarantee that he will benefit?

After October 1 of this year farm land and farm buildings will cease to pay any rates at all.

Very nice for the farmer—and the landlord. Will agricultural produce be any cheaper to the consumer?

All these reliefs are estimated to cost £24,000,000 a year. The petrol tax is supposed to be going to pay for this.

For various other reforms, which may or may not work out satisfactorily, the Government is going to "find" another £21,000,000. It can only be "found" out of taxation.

The taxpayer is, therefore, going to pay for everything—as usual.

IF he saves on rates—which is very doubtful—he will lose on other forms of taxation.

This is only a very broad outline. There is more complication and there are more clauses in the De-Rating Bill than the House of Commons has ever seen.

The House of Commons doesn't understand the Bill. Whitehall officials don't understand the Bill.

What we do understand is that everyone is going to be made to pay! As usual! ... ...

Otherwise we and everyone else must wait and see.

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by A. G. GARDINER

IT is not often that I have the pleasure of being in agreement with Mr. Churchill. He is a man of astonishing and various gifts, but of indifferent judgment.

As politicians go, I should call him an unusually honest man.

He never cants, and though he changes his Party as light-heartedly as he would change his partner at a dance, he is always loyal to the only Party he has ever pretended to believe in—that is, the Party assembled under his own hat.

The danger with him is that he is not the master of his ideas. He is the victim of them.

If his wisdom were equal to his force, he would be the greatest statesman this country has produced for half a century, but he is as likely to run amok on the wrong track as on the right.

Just now, I rejoice to say, he is on the right track. He is engaged in a battle royal with the Admiralty over the construction of the three new cruisers which have been authorised, of the building of two of which he wishes to postpone, thereby saving the expenditure of one and a half millions sterling.

The worst offender

In this struggle Mr. Churchill deserves the enthusiastic backing of the public on two grounds.

In the first place, because the time has come when the Treasury must recover its control over the spending departments.

In Gladstone's day that control was a reality. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was the watchdog of the public purse, and the spendthrifts were kept severely under hatches.

But they have been breaking bounds for a generation, and the war let them loose like licensed freebooters over the whole national estate.

And the worst offender among the spending departments is the Admiralty. It has no bowels of compassion for the taxpayer, and its appetite is insatiable.

It was that department which fought Mr. Churchill's father to a disaster more than forty years ago, when he tried to put a check on the ravenous demands of our sea-lords.

Why waste millions?

Lord Randolph failed because the guns were against him. We were at peace friends with France and we were not having periodical panics about Fashoda.

But the situation is entirely different to-day. Forty years ago we had still twenty years ago, we had powerful and powerful naval rivals in Europe.

France, Germany and Russia all had navies which, if not comparable with our own, were nevertheless formidable.

To-day, leaving submarines out of the question, the whole naval power of the Continent would hardly be more effective against the British fleet than a fleet of fishing-smacks.

Why, in these circumstances, should millions of the public money be poured out in adding to a domination already unchallengeable? What do we want these ships for? Against whom are they being built?

Whatever happens in Europe in the next ten years our naval position is so invulnerable that nothing untoward can happen to us at sea.

We have such a huge balance in hand that to add to it is sheer and meaningless wastrelism.

We once offered Germany a "naval holiday"—that is, we offered to stop building ships if she would. She refused and the war came.

Fight the "brass hats"

But to-day we can declare "a naval holiday" of our own, without asking anybody.

Why, in the name of common sense, should we be denied the privilege of saving a bit of money by the voracity of a little nest of "experts" in Whitehall?

But there is another and much more urgent reason why the country should back Mr. Churchill in his fight against the "brass hats" of the Admiralty.

I have spoken of the situation in Europe. But there is a world outside Europe, and another country which is very much on the map. I mean the United States.

We are constantly assured by our statesmen that a war with the United States is unthinkable, and that in our naval plans we leave that country out of the picture.

If we believe this why do we not implement the belief in action?

On the contrary, we have made the most deplorable mess of our naval negotiations with the United States.

I do not say we are alone to blame. I do not think we are. But we are chiefly to blame, and it is precisely those "experts" of Whitehall, living in a world of ideas, that is dead and gone, who are responsible for our part of the blame.

They have not realised yet, what every thoughtful, unprejudiced mind cannot fail to see, that the experience of the war has changed the whole naval problem for us.

The submarine has made us the most vulnerable nation on earth, for we have not only the densest population in the world, but we live on ocean-borne food supplies.

Germany brought us definitely near disaster in April and May of 1917—how near, only those at the centre of things will ever know.

Let there be another war, and the whole purpose of the enemy will be to strike the first day at our food supplies.

That peril changes the whole outlook for us. So far from the American doctrine of the "freedom of the seas" being a menace to our safety, it offers us the only security we can have against the new conditions of sea-warfare.

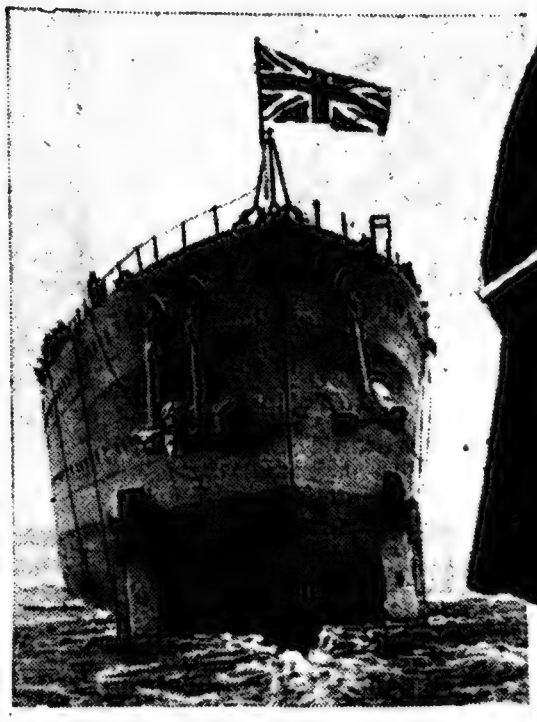
Antique "experts"

Why, in these circumstances, are we boggling and haggling in this great matter?

Why are we filling the American mind with suspicions by fair words about "unthinkable" war and foolish concessions to the antiquated notions of the Whitehall "experts"?

We have now a chance of ending these mischievous misunderstandings. A decision to drop these cruisers will change the whole atmosphere in America, and lead the way to a common policy at sea between the two great English-speaking Powers.

Let Mr. Churchill stick to his guns. Let the Government make this great gesture, and he and they will not only banish the idea of war, but will establish the peace of the world on the surest foundation it can have—that of an indestructible understanding between the two greatest Powers in the world.



The Dorsetshire, launched at Portsmouth Dockyard only the other day, brings the strength of cruisers of the County class up to eleven. Are they all needed?

"In this struggle Mr. Churchill deserves the enthusiastic backing of the public."

The Rt. Hon. William Bridgeman is a jaunty and genial First Lord of the Admiralty

THE RIDDLE OF "De-Rating"

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., who introduces the De-Rating Bill

AFTER October 1, this year, all factories and workshops will be relieved of three-quarters of their rates.

This certainly achieves the sound principle of not taxing the tools of production, but there is, unfortunately, no provision that this relief shall be passed on to the consumer in the shape of lower prices.

Railways, canals, harbours and docks have already been relieved of three-quarters of their rates since December 1, 1928. In their case they are bound to pass on the reduction in the form of reduced freight charges.

THUS, apparently, industries which are already relieved of three-quarters of their rates, are going to get still more relief in the form of lower charges for transport.

Where does the consumer come in? Where is the guarantee that he will benefit?

After October 1 of this year farm land and farm buildings will cease to pay any rates at all.

Very nice for the farmer—and the landlord. Will agricultural produce be any cheaper to the consumer?

All these reliefs are estimated to cost £21,000,000 a year. The petrol tax is supposed to be going to pay for this.

For various other reforms, which may or may not work out satisfactorily, the Government is going to "find" another £21,000,000. It can only be "found" out of taxation.

The taxpayer is, therefore, going to pay for everything—as usual.

IF he saves on rates—which is very doubtful—he will lose on other forms of taxation.

This is only a very broad outline. There is more complication and there are more clauses in the De-Rating Bill than the House of Commons has ever seen.

The House of Commons doesn't understand the Bill. Whitehall officials don't understand the Bill.

What we do understand is that everyone is going to be made to pay! As usual! ... ...

Otherwise we and everyone else must wait and see.

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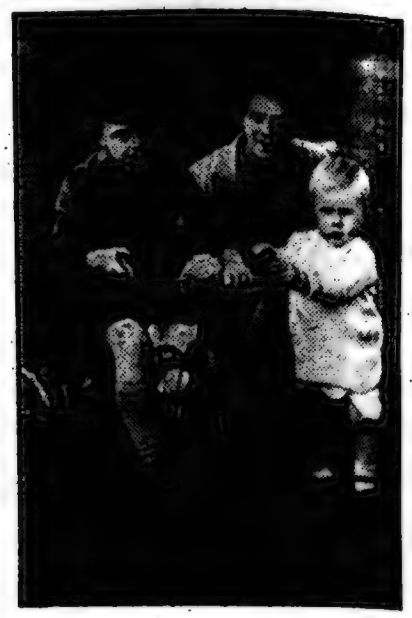
writes Mrs. Longston:—



"I AM writing to tell you how pleased we are that we decided to try our little boy with Phosferine. He is five years old, and had a very bad illness before Christmas, and he has never been the same child since, which I put down to his nerves. I had tried nearly everything, and as Phosferine has done my husband and myself such a lot of good, in fact made a new man of my husband, I decided to try it. It is just a month since I started giving the boy a dose three times a day, and I can see a big difference in him already. He eats and sleeps now, whereas before taking Phosferine he did neither. He is a different child, thanks entirely to Phosferine. I am more than pleased with the good it is doing him, and shall take another course myself, as I am nursing my baby, and feel sure Phosferine will keep up my strength during the time I am feeding him." 7, Stafford Cottages, Nash Mills, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is not a "drug." It contains no aspirin (acetyl salicylic acid), cannot affect the heart or teeth, and does not cause constipation. It is given to the children with equally good results.

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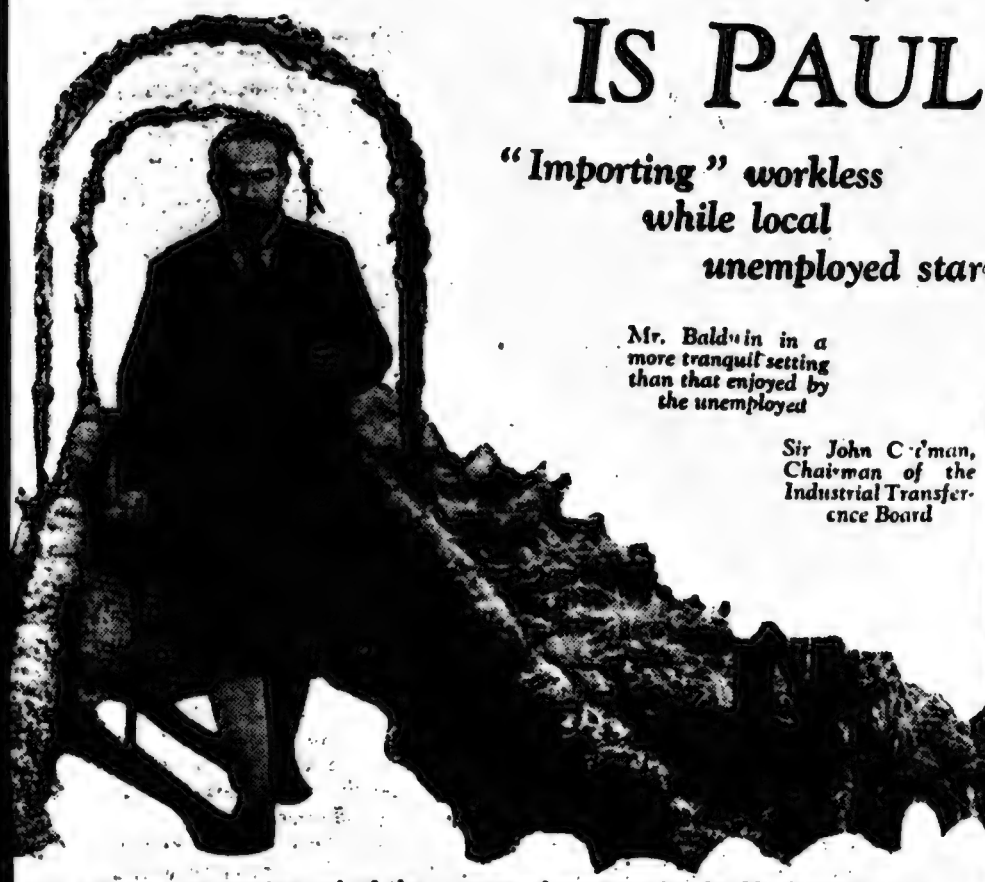
IS PAUL EATING PETER?

"Importing" workless while local unemployed starve

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



Mr. Baldwin in a more tranquil setting than that enjoyed by the unemployed

Sir John C-'man, Chairman of the Industrial Transference Board

ONE way of getting rid of the "blots" of unemployment that are disfiguring the country is to smear them over the face of the land.

It might not be considered an effective way except to a politician's mind—but unfortunately we are in the grip of politicians' minds.

The Industrial Transference Board under the Chairmanship of Sir John Jadman was appointed by the Ministry of Labour in January a year ago "for the purpose of facilitating the transference of workers, and in particular of miners, for whom opportunities of employment in their own district or occupation are no longer available."

Very nice!

A circular from the Ministry of Labour describing the work of the Board, says: "Such a policy requires co-operation and demands high qualities of imagination and sympathy."

Even nicer!

The fact, of course, that there is probably not a single district in the country where there are not already any number of local unemployed does not matter.

Thousands penalised

When an official on the staff of the Industrial Transference Board was tackled about this, the reply was that the Board had chosen districts where unemployment was lowest. More than that they could not do. Work, he said, had to be found for the miners, and they had found it.

Their attitude apparently is that somebody has to suffer, but that, as the Government had ordered work to be found for miners, work must be found.

That is why, I suppose, miners are now at work in the Royal parks at Richmond, Bushy Park, Hampton Court and at Greenwich, despite the fact that there are thousands of unemployed men in those districts, who would only be too glad to get a chance of even this unskilled manual labour.

But I should like to draw Mr. Baldwin's particular attention to what is going on in a district in which he must be especially interested. At outside Steyning, in Sussex, is a palatial country residence now in course of construction for Mr. Stanley Baldwin's daughter, Lady Howard.

It is barely twelve miles from Worthing, the first town to "adopt" a distressed mining town for relief purposes. The work was commenced in May, and local labour seemed able to look forward to about two years' work on a job running into about £100,000, and employing about 150 men.

Sympathy lacking

Mr. Baldwin, presumably, is too busy wondering what is happening to his pigs to consider what is happening to his politics. For the "imagination and sympathy" with which the transference scheme is supposed to be worked is singularly lacking in this instance.

I have had investigations made on the spot, and I find that not only have some ten or twelve local men been discharged from the work, but others have sought work there in vain, while men from the North have been imported to take their place.

At the present time some forty men from Sunderland, Pontypridd, Barnsley, Middlesbrough, Bishop Auckland, Hebburn-on-Tyne, Jarrow-on-Tyne, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Crookdown, County Durham, and other places, are employed there. Meanwhile, local workers are on the "dole."

All round the district at Steyning, Shoreham, and Worthing, there are plenty of tales of genuine distress through inability to obtain work. My representative found at Henfield, for instance, a man with a family of three to keep, who was discharged from this job on December 28.

There is another man at Ashurst, a married man with a child to keep, still out of work after being discharged on December 15.

That is only one side of the picture, the side that shows the men discharged from actual jobs that have been taken by imported men.

I have in my possession the names of seven men who applied for work at which the beneficiaries of Mr. Baldwin's transference scheme are now employed. There are two men who were actually sent from the Shoreham Employment Exchange, and after walking all the way, were turned back to continue their hopeless search.

There is another man who tried ten times without success to get a job, and who had the privilege on one of his visits of seeing, while he was actually there, three labourers who had just arrived from distressed areas, given jobs similar to the one he was wanting.

Another Steyning worker has tried to find work on Lady Howard's house four or five times. He is only thirty years of age, but has seven children to keep. He has finally given up in despair, and has taken a job as a cowman to keep body and soul together.

Another local man who was refused work there has given up in despair, and has left his native village on a tramp for work.

Skilled man's plight

Quite apart from the distress and the discontent that this extraordinary practice is causing in the district, it is doubtful whether any real justice is given to imported men.

One of them, for instance, is a man with four children who was sent from a Welsh town. He was a skilled man who, like all the rest, lost time daily during the bad weather. It is a little difficult to conceive how he is going to keep himself in lodgings at Steyning, which will cost him at least 25s. a week, and at the same time keep his wife and four children in Wales on his pay of 1s. 5d. an hour.

Looking a little further ahead, what is going to happen to these men when the job is completed? It is admittedly only a temporary one. Is this district at the end of the time going to have another forty or fifty men on the books of its employment exchanges?

It is significant to recall that on November 1 last year, Lord Winterton, M.P. for the Horsham and Worthing Division, spoke at a public meeting which had been called to plan measures of relief for the miners.

Emphatic denial

The outcome was the "adoption" of Brynmawr. Midway through December, a crowded public meeting heard of the large sums of money and the tons of clothing and necessities that had been sent to that town from Worthing alone.

Lord Winterton appeared again and stated emphatically that there was not the slightest truth in any suggestion that there was any proposal to transfer workers from the distressed areas to Worthing and district to supplant local labour.

I can only suggest to Lord Winterton that in the light of these revelations he should immediately take steps to see that this emphasis is justified.

The Human Machine

THE IRON COBWEB

POLITICIANS are usually best worth listening to when they are not talking politics. The reason probably is that they then talk about something they understand.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for instance, usually has some good things to say when he forgets Westminster and looks at Life.

"A pipe by the wayside," he wrote recently, "is not work, but it is essential to work.

"To withdraw now and again and have a look at things with a critical eye, behold the whole landscape where one's cares are concentrated, hear voices which are drowned in the daily din, is not a trifling with time."

That is as true a thing as Mr. MacDonald ever said. Few people realise that rest is essential to good work.

The man who despises an occasional hour of leisure, an occasional roam round the realms of fancy, is a foolish fellow.

He is going, sooner or later, to suffer the fate of all machines that work without rest. He is going to break down.

Perhaps the trouble is that many confuse leisure with laziness.

Laziness is a cobweb that speedily transforms itself into iron bands. It cramps and restricts.

Leisure expands. It gives a tired mind a chance to soak in new impressions, to gain new points of view, to digest knowledge already gained.

It is never, as Mr. MacDonald says, "a trifling with time." It is, on the contrary, Nature's best tonic.

AMAMI GIRLS! WIN A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS!

What emotions are being expressed by Eugenie Amami in these film studies?

1 DISBELIEF OR TEASING

2 HORROR OR INDIGNATION

3 SURPRISE OR THRILL

4 FEAR OR RAGE

5 CONTEMPT OR HAUTEUR

6 SUSPICION OR ANGER

7 CURIOSITY OR CAPRICIOUSNESS

8.....?

9.....?

10.....?

WRITE ONE WORD ONLY UNDER EACH OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS.

AMAMI SHAMPOOS

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Printed here are photographs of Miss Eugenie Amami in ten different moods. Look at photograph No. 1 now Miss Amami is expressing either disbelief or she is teasing. If you think she is expressing DISBELIEF cross out the word TEASING, but if you think she is TEASING cross out the word DISBELIEF. Turn to the next picture, No. 2. If you think Miss Amami is expressing HORROR cross out the word INDIGNATION, but if you think she is looking INDIGNANT cross out the word HORROR. Now you understand the idea of this very simple competition. Cross out the word you do NOT think expresses Miss Amami's emotion. Now turn to photographs 8, 9, 10. Under each of these photographs, please write ONE word which describes Miss Amami's expression. For example, if you think that photograph No. 8 expresses sorrow, write SORROW beneath it. That's all. Why shouldn't you win a pair of stockings whilst you are drying your hair after to-night's Amami shampoo? Read the rules, cut out the coupon, and post it to-day.

Please note carefully:

No entry can be accepted after the last post on Friday, February 22nd. This means, post your entries not later than Thursday, February 21st.

The correct list of expressions has been placed in a sealed envelope, in the care of the Editor of 'The Picturegoer.'

Judging will take place immediately after the close of the Competition on February 22nd, and to each of the first 500 entrants whose answers are correct or most nearly correct, a pair of silk stockings will be sent.

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Cut out this page and attach to it an empty 6d. Amami Shampoo sachet or two empty 3d. Amami shampoo sachets. The decision of the proprietors of Amami Shampoos must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.

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The General Election Waterloo Cup—Which will he run?

Whitehall's SECRET SOVIET

Without Fear or Favour

by the Editor

THE other night in the House of Commons Mr. Neville Chamberlain exhibited what can only be termed a piece of amazing impudence.

He endeavoured to get the following clause incorporated in the Derating Bill:

"If any difficulty arises in connection with the application of this Act to any exceptional area, or in bringing into operation any of the provisions of this Act, the Minister may by Order remove the difficulty or make any other appointment or do any other thing which appears to him necessary or expedient for bringing the said provisions into operation."

It is worth reading carefully. No wonder one member remarked: "We might as well shut up the House of Commons and go home!"

What is the use of passing Acts of Parliament if a Minister and his permanent officials can alter them at will without even a reference to the House of Commons?

It is the very essence of bureaucracy. It is the worst possible form of dictatorship. It makes Parliament a sham and democracy a farce. It establishes a secret Soviet in Whitehall.

It is to the credit of the House of Commons that it was in instant and united revolt—and Mr. Chamberlain will have to think again.

But it has brought into the limelight the growing peril of the steady usurping of power by Whitehall. Here is an amazing instance.

AS far back as 1911 certain things could not be done under the National Health Insurance Act without the "special Orders" made by Whitehall officials being laid before Parliament for thirty days after the Act had come into force.

Whitehall didn't care. Parliament had incredibly allowed the Minister to confer on himself the power "*to do anything* which appears to him necessary and expedient."

He was also empowered to "modify the provisions of the Act" to any extent he liked.

He did. He put into effect at once—before even the Act came into force—certain provisions that the Act said could not come into force for thirty days after the Act became operative!

It has been going on ever since—more and more and more. This secret dictatorship has become such a menace that even the Lord Chief Justice himself is never tired of protesting against it.

Unless Parliament can reassert its authority once and for all, it might indeed just as well "shut up the House of Commons and go home."

We should never tolerate an open dictatorship: why should we tolerate a secret one?

* * *

IN conjunction with the announcement that the Prince of Wales is going to hold Court at Buckingham Palace in the absence of his Majesty the King, it is officially laid down that no lady shall be presented at Court if she has already been there within the last three years.

A Hint for the Prince

Meanwhile, the Prince has been to the coalfields. He has seen first-hand the squalor, the misery, the distress and the sheer physical hunger.

While the miners starve ladies are fighting and squabbling to be presented at Court.

With all respect, we offer a suggestion to his Royal Highness. These presentations are costly affairs. Hundreds of pounds are spent by the débutantes. Wonderful gowns, wonderful head-dresses, wonderful jewels. Money flows like water.

We suggest that the Prince make it known that in view of what he has seen he will dispense with all the fuss and finery.

We suggest that he lays it down that débutantes come in their ordinary attire—*and that they give to the Miners' Fund the money they would ordinarily have spent on their gowns and flummeries.*

If human misery has a greater appeal to Society than snobbery there would be a ready and an immediate response.

THE conviction of ex-Sergeant Goddard, Mrs. Merrick and Ribuffi at the Old Bailey will arouse nothing but satisfaction in the minds of all decent people.

Where are the Others?

For nearly three years the corruption in the West End police has been common knowledge—except, apparently, at Scotland Yard and the Home Office.

The belated action that was taken has been drastic enough, Goddard and his fellow conspirators have got their deserts.

But there is a nasty taste left in our own mouths. We do not believe for a moment that Goddard was anything but a scapegoat.

We do not believe that bribery and corruption on such a wholesale scale could have gone on for so long without someone higher up than Goddard knowing all about it.

Who is he? Or—and we are not exactly indulging in mere guesswork—who are they?

Why were they not also in the dock with the scapegoat?

Goddard is a small fish. There are bigger fish somewhere who have been allowed to wriggle out of the net.

That is as big a scandal as the Goddard case itself.

Lord Byng still has a public duty to perform—to sift this matter to the bottom irrespective of consequences, and bring into the dock those higher up who at present are being shielded.

Scapegoats are no doubt convenient. They also no doubt deserve what they get.

But justice demands that the same treatment is meted out to the whales as to the minnows.

We can assure Lord Byng that full confidence in his organisation will not be restored until he has either uncovered the whole conspiracy or proved that it began and ended with Goddard.

Murder Under the M

The Clue o

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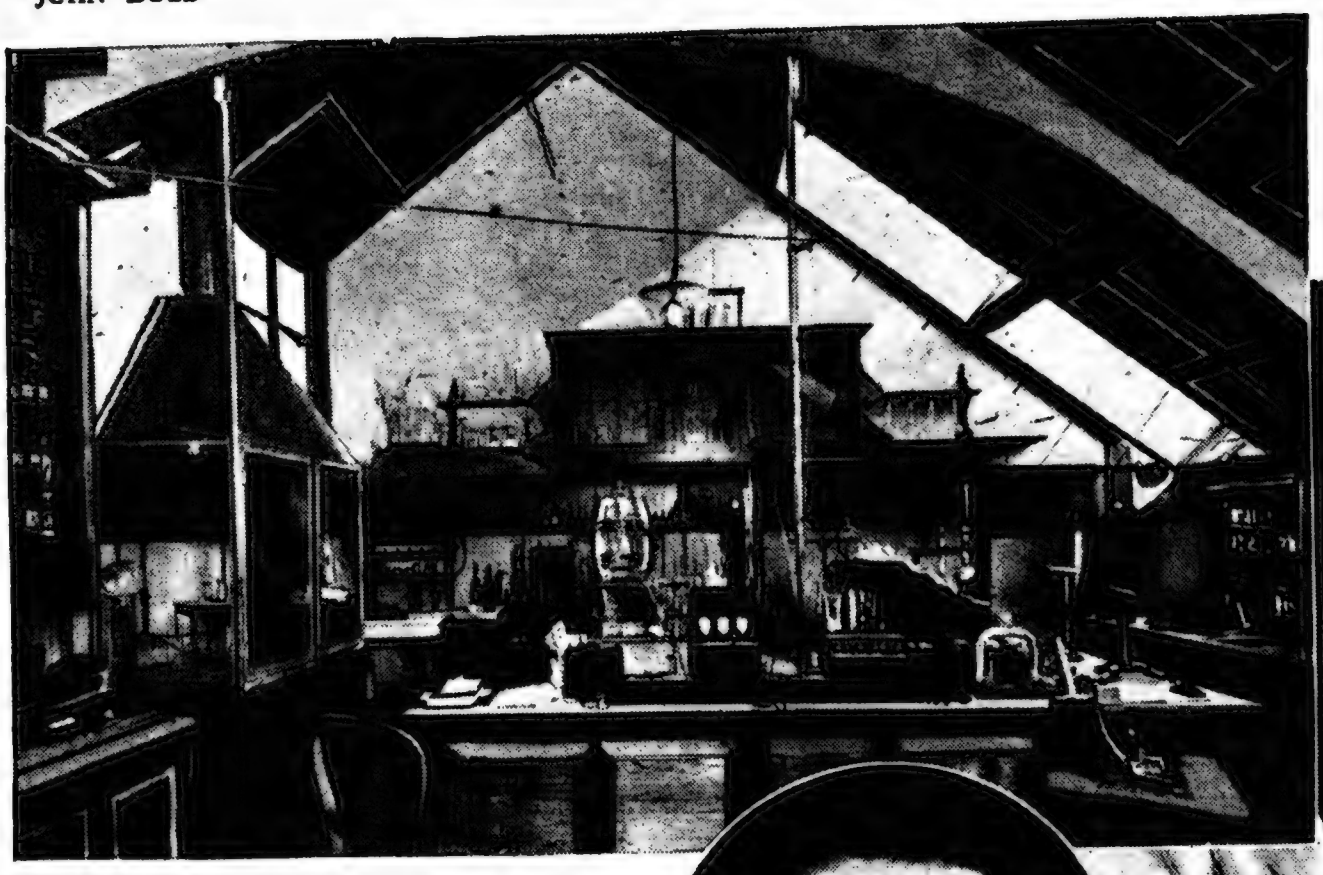
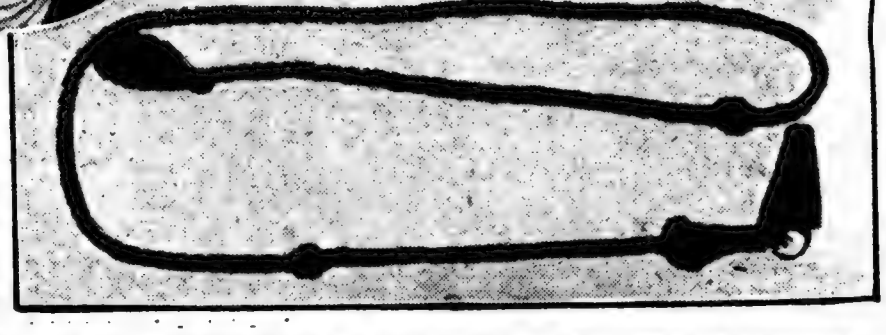


Expert microsc examination of evidence

A corner of the up-to-date scientific laboratory in Paris, where the invisible is made visible

The murderer of Tellier, brought to the guillotine by science



A terrible weapon found in a secret cellar where the murder was committed

NOTHING into which the human element enters can be entirely impartial, and although the administration of justice in England is in the hands of men beyond reproach, many of the wheels in the machine are antiquated.

The evidence upon which a man may be hanged or sent to penal servitude should not be gathered only by those who from long habit seek for guilt alone.

I do not wish to suggest that the Continental *juge d'instruction* should be introduced, but there are many advantages attached to a system which every country except Great Britain has adopted.

When a crime has been committed abroad, an investigating magistrate is nominated to enquire into the case.

Whilst this *juge d'instruction* is in charge he is like the captain of a ship, the master absolute.

His mission is not to seek guilt; he owes allegiance neither to the police nor to the suspect, but is concerned only with the truth.

Grim discovery

The resources of the laboratories whose chiefs are eminent scientists and not police officials, are placed at his disposal, and their specialists ordered by the *juge* to examine, test and report on every apparent proof discovered.

Such absurdities as the hammer from a half-crown card of tools with which Oscar Slater was supposed to have murdered Miss Gilchrist, would have been instantly rejected as nonsense by experts and *juge d'instruction* alike, and the police would have been powerless to detain Slater a day longer.

The following exceptionally queer case will serve to show how scientific investigation saved an innocent man, against whom damning circumstantial evidence had been collected, and how a clue so insignificant that not the most expert detective could have discovered it, brought about the capture of the true murderer.

A policeman, going his rounds early one morning in an isolated part of the Bois de Boulogne, saw a bulky package lying under some bushes.

It contained the body of a man bent double and tied with ropes. The dead man was dressed only in shirt, trousers and stout boots, but his coat, vest and hat were beside him in the parcel.

The officer sent a colleague to headquarters with the news, and an inspector and several detectives immediately carried out a preliminary investigation.

But, since it was obviously murder, the body was not touched until a *juge d'instruction* had taken charge.

This *juge* instructed M. Bayle, the famous chief of the Paris laboratories, to assist him with his scientific methods.

Meanwhile the police had begun their enquiries. The dead man was identified as a stockbroker's clerk named Tellier.

With commendable energy detectives traced and questioned almost everyone who had known the man. They soon discovered that Tellier had quarrelled bitterly with a fellow-worker named Guillaume, who had several times been heard to threaten him.

Speedy arrest

Curiously enough, Guillaume had left Paris two weeks before the body was found, but a taxi-driver came forward and stated that he had taken a man resembling Guillaume to a café near the Bois de Boulogne on the evening before the gruesome discovery in the undergrowth, and that he saw him drag what appeared to be a heavy trunk from a shed at the rear of the café.

A woman also testified to having seen such a man near the bushes late that same evening. The detectives traced Guillaume to Versailles, arrested him and brought him to Paris.

Both the woman and the taxi man recognised the prisoner, who was thereupon charged with the murder of Tellier. He protested his innocence but could not disprove the statements of the two witnesses, nor would he say why he had suddenly left Paris.

The police were now convinced that Guillaume had somehow enticed Tellier to his former lodging, killed him, and carried his body in the trunk to the café, from where he had then taken it to the Bois de Boulogne.

Last of all a motive for the crime was found. Tellier and Guillaume had loved the same woman. It is true that the proprietor of the café did not recognise the accused and, furthermore, produced a trunk which a client had left, and which contained only clothes.

But the innkeeper had a bad reputation and his evidence was disregarded by the police.

Under the microscope

Then came the wonderful report of the laboratory expert. Tellier had been killed at least ten days previously by a blow from behind, which had fractured the skull.

When found, the parcel was dry, although it had rained much during the week. Therefore the body had probably remained hidden on the murderer's premises until he found a means for removing it safely.

The problem was where had it lain? Microscopic examination of the victim's hair disclosed the fact that it was still brown at the roots although the points were grey.

In the congealed blood, adhering to the hair, were numerous grains of coal and sand, minute particles of grit, some sawdust and a piece of strawboard.

Mysterious beetles

On the back of the shirt near the shoulders were dark stains which turned out to be coal-dust, and, finally, two tiny insects, devoid *of eyes and quite colourless*, were found on the collar.

They belonged to a species that only flourishes in cellars or tunnels into which daylight never enters.

A scrutiny of the jacket and boots also disclosed grains of coal and sawdust, and a spot of candle grease was discovered on the trousers.

Thus the microscope alone had already made it fairly obvious that the body had lain for some time underground, probably in a cellar.

The question was now, what kind of cellar, in order to narrow down the field of enquiries.

Only with the help of ultra-precise instruments could this be determined. Complex laboratory tests proved that the coal-dust was an-

Microscope

of the

LIND BEETLES

How Science Aids the Detective

by H. ASHTON-WOLFE

The crowd that gathered when the murderer was ultimately arrested

thracite, of the type used in furnaces, and that the minute fragments of sand were composed of ordinary silicate, ferruginous silicate and transparent quartz or rock crystal.

The sawdust was placed on a wax surface and each particle split in half by means of a microtome. It was thus seen that two species only were present—oak and pine.

The shred of cardboard was dissolved and its composition ascertained chemically and microscopically. Chemical analysis proved it to be pure straw cellulose without addition of bleaching reagents; a microphotograph determined and fixed the molecular structure.

The two insects—no bigger than a pin-point—were *anophthalmi*, and the total absence of pigment in their tissues made it certain they had bred for generations in the dark.

So far, then, the experts could state definitely that the victim had lain for a time in a cellar without windows, that in this cellar logs of pine and oak had been sawn recently and that the murderer used candles to illuminate it.

Furthermore anthracite and sand were probably stored there and shreds of strawboard littered the floor.

Since such a description might fit many cellars, the experts went a step further. The dead man's clothes were brushed mechanically in a closed glass cylinder and the dust thus obtained examined.

Besides the coal, sand and sawdust, one single green fibrous thread, of the kind used for making felt, and a fragment one millimetre long of some red, translucid substance was discovered.

Such precision must cause the average detective to smile disdainfully, for until lately he has been accustomed only to seek for a criminal by making exhaustive enquiries and by sifting the reports of informers.

A piece was now cut at random from each of the victim's garments and allowed to soak in glass tubes filled with sterilised distilled water.

Each piece was then squeezed dry and the tubes with their cloudy liquid placed in turn in a centrifugal apparatus which revolved at high speed, until all the extraneous matter was deposited on the sides and the water again became clear.

The deposits were then spread on sterilised slides and examined under powerful microscopes.

That obtained from the jacket, waistcoat and tie was found to be composed chiefly of the bacilli of alcoholic fermentation known as *saccharomyces cerevisiæ*.

But no bacilli of fermentation were present on the shreds taken from shirt, trousers, or boots.

Instead abundant traces were found of the *diplococcus fungus*, which flourishes on damp walls in the dark.

It will be remembered that the victim was only dressed in shirt and trousers and that the remaining clothes had been placed beside the body in the parcel.

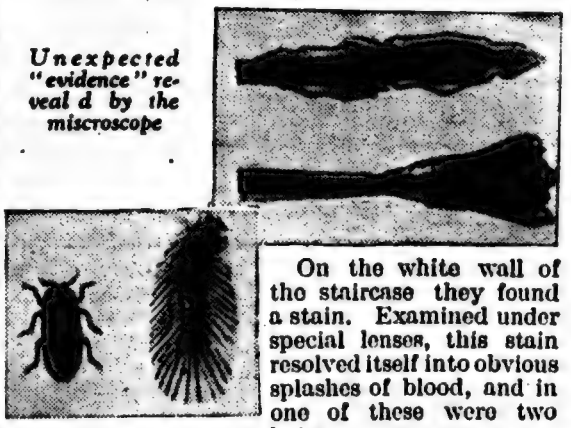
It now became evident that jacket, vest and tie had not been hidden in the same place as the body and that the murderer had at least two cellars at his disposal, in one of which beer or wine was stored.

Murdered man's past

Whilst the police were working hard to complete their chain of proof against Guillaume, the laboratory experts submitted their report to the *juge d'instruction* with the request that the past of the murdered man should be investigated.

It was thus ascertained that Tellier had been noted for his keen interest in racing, that he had been in the habit of visiting clandestine bookmakers; and that one of these lived in a basement flat under which ran spacious vaults.

A clear path was at last opening before the experts. They called unexpectedly with a search warrant and demanded to be taken to the bookmaker's cellar.



Unexpected "evidence" revealed by the miscroscope

On the white wall of the staircase they found a stain. Examined under special lenses, this stain resolved itself into obvious splashes of blood, and in one of these were two hairs.

The stain was photographed and then cut bodily from the wall and sent to the laboratory.

When the ominous patches were discovered, the bookmaker said a cat had given birth to kittens on the stairs.

Ignoring his explanation, the experts proceeded to examine the cellar.

The ground was covered with sawdust; and in a large wooden box was a heap of coal.

A scrutiny of the inner surface of the box revealed splashes of what appeared to be congealed blood.

Samples of the coal, sawdust and the substance on the box were placed in sealed tubes and sent to headquarters.

The bookmaker said he had only one cellar, but the various minutiæ discovered by the scientists had already demonstrated the existence of at least two cellars.

At last, livid with fear, the man opened a door in the wall and admitted them to a vault much like the first, in which were several crates and two boxes filled with pieces of paper and strawboard.

In the centre, on two sawbucks, lay a heavy log, one side of which was covered with a red translucid varnish. A heap of firewood was stacked in a corner with a large saw.

The floor of this cellar was sanded, but sawdust and splinters were heaped on each side of the log and some of the splinters still bore traces of the varnish.

Moreover, at some time coal had been stored in the cellar and the coal-dust had mixed with the sand.

When a sample of everything had been taken, both doors were locked and sealed and an officer left on guard. At the laboratory it was immediately seen that the bloodstains were not from a cat, but human blood.

Furthermore, the hairs found in one of the denser spots were also human. They were grey at the point, but light brown near the root. These hairs had undoubtedly come from the murdered man.

The traces of coal were anthracite, the sawdust was composed of pine and oak, and the sand silicate, ferruginous silicate and quartz.

The red varnish on the tiny splinters was then tested. It had been coloured with Rhodamine, and when examined under the ultra-violet ray lamp, its fluorescence was seen to be similar to that of the fragment obtained from the murdered man's clothes.

As a final and conclusive test, some of the strawboard found in the cellar was analysed and proven to be pure, unbleached, straw cellulose.

A further examination of the cellars was undertaken two days later, and sand and sawdust were passed through a fine sieve.

This resulted in the discovery of a scrap of paper and the shreds of a railway return ticket.

Important clues

The pieces were assembled and photographed, and it was seen that the paper bore the words *Charles Tellier*, written in pencil, and that the ticket had been issued by the Metropolitan Railway Company.

The return half had not been perforated and the date and hour of issue were clearly discernible.

The date corresponded to the day on which Tellier had been seen alive for the last time, and the station where it was stamped was that nearest to his house.

Furthermore, the hour marked on the ticket was that at which he left for his office every morning. Strangely enough no bloodstains could be discovered in the cellar where the ticket and paper were found.

The chain of proof was not complete, and the blind insects not accounted for. These tiny insects were to be the crucial test of the infallibility of scientific investigation.

Both the cellars were dark, but not dark enough to breed *anophthalmi*, therefore the experts were convinced that somewhere a third cellar, adapting itself to the evidence, must exist.

Every inch of the underground premises was examined, and at last, when failure seemed inevitable, the door to this cellar was discovered behind a mound of packing-cases.

Splashes of blood

A key on a ring taken from the bookmaker fitted the lock, and when the investigators entered what was merely a narrow dark hole under the stairs, they at once realised that they had arrived at the spot where the crime had been committed.

Blood had splashed in great gouts on wall and ceiling, and the damp floor was covered with a thick layer of coal-dust.

Hair similar to the dead man's adhered to the blood, and colourless *anophthalmi* of the species found on the shirt were obtained in numbers from the stone forming the understrut of the stairs.

Moreover, the sides of the large box in the first cellar were covered with fermentation bacilli, thus proving that his coat, waistcoat and hat had been hidden there.

Finally, the tiny thread of green felt was identified as one torn from an apron belonging to the bookmaker.

From this net of proof no escape was possible. The *juge d'instruction* at once ordered the bookmaker to be arrested and released Guillaume.

At the first interrogation, when confronted with the damning evidence collected by the laboratory experts, the prisoner broke down and confessed that he had killed Tellier during a quarrel over a gambling debt.

It was a far cry from the Bois de Boulogne to an unknown cellar in the heart of Paris, but modern science and precision, guided by two blind insects, discovered it, and saved an innocent man from the horrors of penal servitude or the guillotine.

Yet the circumstantial evidence against Guillaume was far more complete than that which sent Oscar Slater to Peterhead, and had it not been for the scientists called in by the investigating magistrate, who worked independently of the police, the real murderer would undoubtedly have escaped.

Lift out Corn—Root and All

This is no fanciful picture; it represents facts. They are best told in the customer's own words:—

"My wife tried plasters, salves, salts, and soda to try and cure her corn, which had nearly driven her mad the last three months; but they moved neither the corn nor the pain. We noticed your advertisement showing a corn being pulled out. We sent for the Radox Bath Salts at six o'clock, and at twenty minutes to seven my wife was pulling the corn out after years of agony. It is worth £5 a packet."

This letter is one of scores, all written by people who have actually tried Radox Salts and who know what they are talking about. All these letters from people who relate their own personal experience with Radox state the same facts: that for removing corns bodily nothing compares with Radox.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts.

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RHEUMATISM

The pains made him cry

"I am writing to thank you for the wonderful results I have obtained by using your Kruschen Salts. I have been a sufferer from rheumatism and could hardly lift my head from the pillow in the mornings. I was bent over on the left side through lumbago and was walking about like an old man of 80. I have greatly improved by following the directions on the bottle. Friends are astonished, and they tell me I look younger and more lively than I used to be. I am 42 years of age and can move about on my round like a young man of 20. Again thanking you for giving me relief from the pains which have made me cry at times." J. H., *Plaistow, London.*

8th January, 1929.

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Real Life Stories— **—by Famous Authors**

Yew Tree Farm

A pair of optimists . . . they worked . . . mended fences . . . and watched his stock of young birds grow

A "TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION" Story

by WARWICK DEEPING

Illustrated by John Campbell.

EVERYTHING was to be a dream.

John had put off khaki; Kitty had worn her nurse's uniform for the last time. They were to be married.

Their ideal was a little place in the country, chicken and fruit farming, though, perhaps, it was more John's ideal than Kitty's, for John had saved about twelve hundred pounds, and he came of country stock.

He did not want to go back to an office, and Kitty was very much in love with John, and her idea of the country was Leith Hill or Pangbourne on a nice hot summer's day.

John went in search of their working paradise. He found it in Sussex, and in the shape of a red-brick cottage on Heathfield Down, with an orchard and the remnants of a poultry farm.

You had to pump your own water from the well, and the grocer called just twice a week, but the view of the Downs was gorgeous, and at that time of the year the woods were in young leaf.

John rushed back to Kitty in Kensington.

"I've found it."

"Oh, splendid!"

"Sussex. On a hill. Looks over the Downs."

"I love Sussex."

"It's a bit rough at present, but we shall have all the summer to get things ship-shape. We can buy in young stock and be ready for the autumn."

"Where just is it?"

"Heathfield Down. About seven miles from Hetsham. We can reach Brighton and Eastbourne. Maybe we'll have a little car."

Kitty had very dark red hair and a quick colour, and a temper that was apt to be as quick as her colour. John was solid and fair; with blue eyes that saw more than his tongue could tell.

Kitty was impetuous, and she went into the adventure on the impulse, without asking too many questions, and she and John were in the adventure together.

* * *

THE little place was called Yew Tree Farm. It had a garden, an orchard of two acres, and seven acres of grass, and more land could be rented when John needed it.

Two old yew trees grew in front of the house, and between them was framed a picture of rolling woods and fields and the great grey vallum of the distant downs. It was splendid.

And so was life for John and Kitty during the months of summer. They were a pair of optimists. They worked. John mended fences, and built chicken houses and put up wire runs, and watched his stock of young birds grow.

Kitty had to cook and clean and make curtains and chair covers, though a woman came in once a week to scrub the brick floors of the kitchen, scullery, and little dark old dairy.

But during those first months life was a bit of a picnic, a delightful business, and they loved each other and were well content.

On Saturday afternoons they would get on their bicycles and ride into Hepsham, though Hepsham could not be described as a thrilling little town.

In the middle of October the weather broke, and for the first week of this changed season Kitty wondered what had happened to life. It was as though the sun had been turned off. The wind seemed to have a particular quarrel with Heathfield Down. Rain blotted out the hills. Yew Tree Farm revealed itself to Kitty in a new light.

She discovered things.

There was mud. It was her first experience of such mud. John brought it in on his boots.

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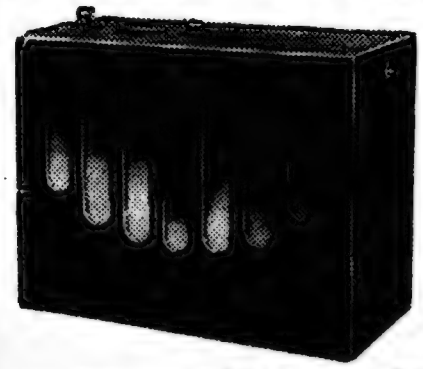

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Yew Tree Farm— *Continued from page 22*

She protested.

"Jack, just look!"

She was peeved. Her forehead had a little crease in it.

"Sorry."

After that she would hear him scraping his boots at the back door, and brushing them with an old brush.

BUT there were other things. The cupboard in their bedroom glistened with a slimy wetness. The kitchen grate began to be abominably sulky, and it became a chilly business creeping down to light the fire. The kindling wood was damp, and the bricks cold.

Yew Tree Farm had no hot-water system. It was draughty, and the doors did not fit. Chimneys smoked.

John, coming in one morning out of the early greyness, called to her from the back door:

"Birds' breakfast ready yet, Kit?"

It was part of her business to heat up the birds' early meal, and usually she fed them at this hour.

"No, it isn't. Oh, drat this fire!"

He forgot his muddy boots. He went forward into the kitchen, and surprised her in a sudden rage raking charred paper and sticks out of the grate. Her hands were dirty, and she had a black mark on one cheek.

"Trouble?"

She flared at him.

"You might have had a decent grate put in here. It's absolutely filthy. It's gone out twice."

"What about the wood?"

"Oh, damn the wood. It's all wet."

He stood there looking down at her with a serious, troubled air, and suddenly she turned on him.

"Don't stand and stare. Can't you get me some decent wood? And look at your filthy boots."

Guiltily he glanced at his feet.

"Sorry, Kit: I forgot. I'll go and break up a box."

He went out thoughtfully, leaving her on her knees before the sulky grate.

BUT that was only the beginning of things, the sudden rush of reality into their young lives, the ending of an easy dream.

A country cottage in winter, miles from anywhere, is not a place to dream in. Kitty woke up. The illusion had vanished, and during those winter days a spirit of discord seemed to enter into her, discord and discontent.

It was a phase that many young things have to face, but Kitty faced it with an angry sulkiness. She longed for London and the lights and the 'buses, and the easiness of a great city; she felt that somehow life was a swindle. She let herself go.

Even John had lost some of his glamour. He looked rough and untidy and tired. He seemed to have nothing to say.

And those evenings! They used lamps, and Kitty had to keep and clean the lamps, and they, too, were cursed.

But when you had lit the lamp at half-past four and drawn the curtains, nothing happened. Nothing could happen. You just sat and yawned, and washed up, and yawned again, and listened, until the silence became unbearable. The wind was the only thing that moved, and made a restless sound in the chimney, or rattled the doors and windows.

KITTY and John began to quarrel.

It began with little snappings, little brusquenesses. Or they would sit silently, very conscious of the silence, observing each other with secret uneasiness. What had happened? A curtain of reserve and mistrust and misunderstanding seemed to fall.

Kitty yawned. She went about with an air of thinking secret thoughts. She would flash out at him suddenly. His very habits had begun to annoy her.

"Supposing you do the lamp for once. I'm sick of lamps."

He was much gentler than she was. He wore a look of troubled, perplexed watchfulness. It was as though he could not understand the change in her. He had had to take life raw during the war, and after the trenches Yew Tree Farm was heaven.

"You want a holiday, Kit."

She was unreasonable, yet mercilessly reasonable.

"What's the use?"

"You mean—you'll have to come back here?"

"Of course."

"But Kit—we chose it."

"You did."

"I see."

He began to see, and he still hoped that she would get over her mood, but in a little while he realised that things were growing worse.

There was a wilfulness in John's wife, a young selfishness that would neither compromise nor surrender. She paraded a silly martyrdom.

She took to carrying out the hot meal for the poultry in the murk of the winter mornings, walking through the wet orchard to the field where the wooden houses stood. John protested.

"You needn't do it, you know."

"Must do something."

He went about silently accusing himself of having dragged her into this life which she loathed. He was spoiling marriage for her.

But what a tragedy! And there seemed to him to be no escape, for all his money was buried in this little place.

THEN their young anguish came to a climax. It happened in the strangest of ways. Five yards beyond the gate between orchard and field the stump of an old oak humped itself above the ground.

It lay almost in the path to the chicken houses, and on two dark and successive

Next Week's True Life Story:

"HIS LAST LETTER"

by

STORM JAMESON

mornings Kitty stumbled against this stump. On the second occasion she spilt a mess of hot meal down her dress.

John heard her calling him.

"Come here."

He went, and she flung the porringer on the ground.

"I'm fed up. I've hurt myself, and you don't care."

"Kit——"

"Look at that damned stump. A man with any gumption wouldn't have left it there. I'm sick of everything."

"I'm sorry——"

"I'm sick of this place. We never do anything, we never see anybody; we're just buried alive"

He stood with his hands hanging, gazing at the mess of chicken food. Their lives seemed rather like that mess.

That morning, after the higgler had called, John got on his bicycle and rode over to Hepeham. He made a purchase at a local ironmonger's, and returning with his package of powder, hid it away in the tool-shed.

He spent the whole afternoon grubbing a hole under the butt of the old oak tree, but darkness came before he could lay his charge and improvise a fuse. He thought—"I'll do it first thing in the morning. Perhaps she'll understand that I do care."

They passed a miserable and silent evening, for Kitty had begun to be attacked by contrition, but not to the point of a confession.

She was so much aware of John's solemn, worried face, and of the way his eyes watched her. They went to bed in silence, and neither of them slept too well.

JOHN got up very early, long before it was light. Kitty, missing the warmth of her mate, lit the candle beside the bed, and feeling restless, rose and dressed.

It was a still and frosty morning, and very cold. She went down to light the fire. As usual, it was sulky, though John had put dry wood ready for her, but somehow she herself felt less rebellious. She knelt and felt and thought.

Suddenly she heard the sound of an explosion. The door shook and the windows rattled. She started up. What on earth was John doing? And then she remembered the stump of the oak tree.

She opened the back door and listened. There was silence. The first greyness of the dawn was making things visible, the frozen path, the orchard trees. The silence continued, and suddenly she was afraid.

She called to him.

"Jack—Jack—what on earth are you doing?"

The silence continued, and in the greyness of the frosty dawn she went down the rimed path. And suddenly she stood still.

She saw a figure among the orchard trees, a figure that groped and blundered blindly. She saw it strike the trunk of a tree, and cling to the trunk. A cry came from it.

"Kit—oh—Kit!"

She ran. The whole of her ran, soul, heart and body. And in the greyness she became aware of his poor, ruined face, all blackened and bloody. She was terrified, but her terror found love behind it.

"Jack—my dear—what have you——"

His bleeding lips answered:

"The old stump. Blowing it up. Thought the fuse had gone wrong. Went to look, and the thing exploded."

"Oh! my dear——"

"Can't see you, Kit. I'm—I'm blind. Oh, what a mess I've made of things for you."

Her heart hurt her as never before. It was like the pangs of childbirth. She got him through the orchard into the house, and made him lie down on the sofa.

She was thinking quickly, furiously. His eyes! Blind? No, she dare not meddle. She bent down and kissed his poor mouth.

"I'll go down to the mill. They have a 'phone there. I'll get the doctor."

SHE went as she was, hatless and in her apron. She got out her bicycle and scorched. She did not feel the cold, nor notice the rime on the hedges, or the great red winter sun coming up. She seemed to see nothing but her husband's tragic face.

For two days she suffered a relentless suspense, for when the doctor came John's face was such a pulp and the eyelids so swollen that it was almost impossible for the doctor to examine the eyes.

He spoke guardedly, and did what could be done, and came again twice that day. Next day was the same, but on the third day Kitty heard her husband cry out:

"Kit—where are you?"

"Here. What is it, dear one?"

"Kit, I can see, both eyes."

"Oh, my dear! My blessed one!"

So John did not lose his sight, though he carried a scarred face to the end of his days, and Kitty developed other vision. She had discovered compassion, that blessed virtue which youth lacks, and without which life is dust and ash.

They stayed on at Yew Tree Farm.

Happiness came to them there.

fill in this last line

After dining, Jones' face—though 'twas Lent—
Had a look of most perfect content;
For Crustless Cheese had
Fed this well-nourished lad

£200 IN PRIZES

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10
200 PRIZES OF 10/-
200 BOXES OF CHEESE
EACH CONTAINING SIX 3d PORTIONS
200 TINS of "CORONET" Milk

Competition: (Dept. 7), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.
Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, March 1, 1929.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor

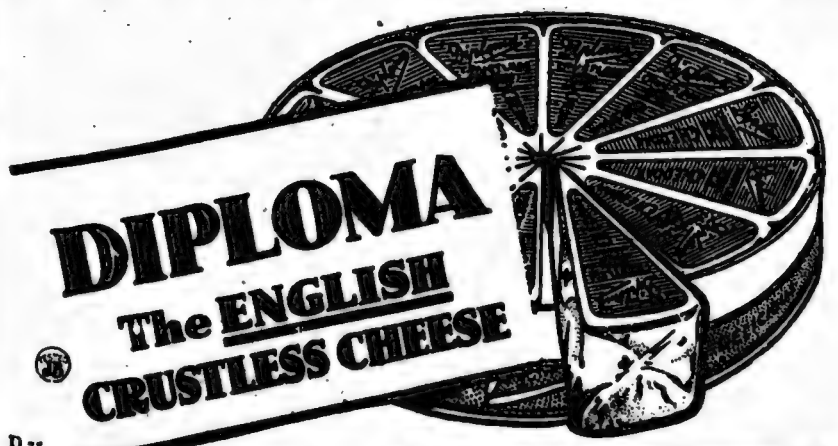
Recent Winners

£50 WINNER

A cheese-loving curate named Grime
Was tempted by Crustless to crime;
His landlady's larder
He robbed in his ardour,
'Good in parts' was the 'curate' this time.

£50 WINNER

When the turkey and pudding's gone west,
There's a tit-bit to follow—the best:
Some really good cheese,
But 'Diploma' brand, please!
'That's the *plum!*' the poor pudding confessed.



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The ENGLISH
CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D 75

Cheddar or Cheshire. Box of 6, 8, or 12 portions 1/4½

WILLS'S CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

Mild, Medium & Full Strengths

10 for 6d.
20 for 11½d.

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BLANFORD'S SENSATIONAL PURCHASE

of GREAT LONDON TAILOR'S STOCK

£5-5-0 Tailored MEN'S SUITS FOR 47/6
sent post free for **2/6** DOWN

HERBERT ELLIS, the famous London Gentlemen's tailor, has retired from business, and we have been fortunate enough to buy the whole stock of his 26 branches—120,000 yards of splendid suitings.

Fine West of England Tweeds, Saxonies, Pinheads and Worsteds in all colours that were sold at £1/4/0 to £5/5/0 are offered by us at **47/6.**

This cloth has been made up into well-tailored, smart cut Suits, in 47 different sizes. Cut by an expert cutter and made in our own workrooms. Every suit a model and guaranteed to fit.

Send us your chest measure, height and colour you require (state whether light or dark shade in any colour), together with **2/6** and full postal address, and we will send you a suit you will be delighted with on seven days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied.

NO PATTERNS SENT. ACTUAL SUIT WILL BE DISPATCHED.

You may not want a suit at the moment, but take our advice. Send for a suit and put it away.

THIS OFFER CANNOT BE REPEATED!

John Blanford LTD DEPT. J. B. Y.

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Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Influenza, quickly relieved. 4/6 a tin at all Chemists.

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Thousands of keen-eyed, clear headed men are smoking Manikins regularly. You also will find Manikins agreeable to your nerves and considerate to your health.

Quality is not sacrificed to make a moderate priced article, for though Manikins are inexpensive—They are in all respects as good as a good cigar should be.

The secret of Manikin goodness at Manikin Price is just this—they are made from the delicate tip leaves—too small for the large cigar yet actually the sweetest smoke of all

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

A well-attended match between Southampton and Clapton Orient

The POOR LITTLE RICH F.A.

Football's Idle Gold Mine

THE English Football Association has surplus funds of nearly £100,000. For all the use that that fortune is to English football it might as well be at the bottom of the sea.

Why does the Association hoard its riches? What good are they? Who benefits by them?

The Association does not answer the queries. It is riding for a fall. There is bound soon to be a serious split in the ranks, the result of which it is impossible to forecast.

It is certain, however, that whatever the result it will be for the betterment of the great national game.

It may reasonably be assumed that the average income of the Association is about £20,000 a year. What happens to that not immodest sum?

We find, first of all, that something like the startling amount of £3,000 is swallowed up by the expenses of members of the Council attending meetings.

If the average attendance of members is taken at sixty, and there are ten meetings each year, each meeting costs £300, and the average expenses per member is something like £5.

And are the meetings worth it? The question has often been asked, and the answer is usually in the negative unless replied to by a member of the Council himself.

Of the £20,000 that the Association took out of the great game last year, how much did it put back into it?

There is an item in the accounts entitled "Grants to Associations, £293 8s. 11d.," and another item, "Trophy to Trinidad F.A., £163 6s. 4d."

No helping hand

Those were grants to Associations for work they did to foster minor football, while the Trinidad trophy speaks for itself.

There was no helping hand to a struggling club, no paying off a mortgage at 5 or more per cent., and a transfer to the Football Association at 2 or 3 per cent. or less.

Not a penny-piece is given towards the movement engineered by the Amateur Football Association to endeavour to keep the game going at Public Schools.

In short, the record of the F.A. on its financial side is just about as bad as it could be.

What is imperatively needed is a more enlightened policy at Russell Square, the headquarters of the Football Association.

The Council would be quite willing to open the purse-strings if it were given the chance, but the majority of the Council, although they are responsible for the finances of the Association, know as much about them as the man in the moon.

Mr. F. J. Wall, Secretary of the Football Association

Just a few keep their strangle-hold on the money of the Association, and the Council is ignorant of almost everything with which it should be acquainted.

It is a safe statement to make that not a sixth of the members even know on what terms the final tie of the Cup is played at Wembley, and a complete statement of the accounts for that great match has never yet been submitted to the Council.

Studied secrecy

All that it is permitted to know is the profit that is made by the Football Association.

There is no doubt that the total receipts for the last Cup Final amounted to over £23,000.

The annual accounts of the Football Association contain this single item on the income side: "Final Tie at Wembley £4,870 3s. 10d."

The receipts and expenditure of that tie have never been published, although it has meant over £23,000 through the books.

Even the clubs that took part in the final are not allowed to know the facts, although they are entitled to one-third of the net profits.

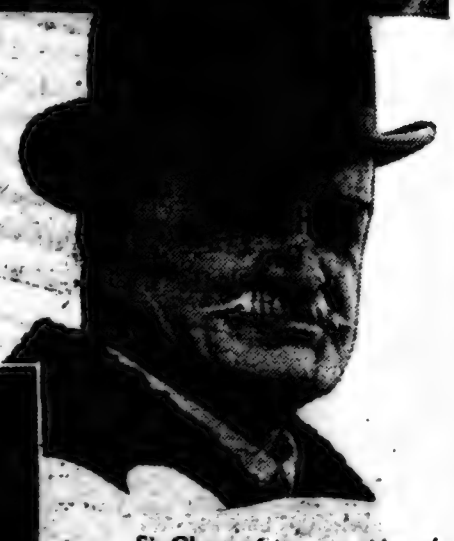
This is not a proper way to do business. The clubs have a right to know all the facts, and certainly the members of the Council have, but they are never told.

Why should there be this studied secrecy?

Sooner or later there will be a big explosion at an annual meeting, because of this hush-hush policy, and the clubs will take the matter into their own hands.

During the war Football League, international matches and Cup struggles in the Association Football game were brought to an end in England.

What did this mean to the Football Association? That its income was cut off, because it so happens that it is the professional clubs that pour thousands of pounds into the treasury of the governing body of the dribbling game.



Sir Charles Clegg, President of the Football Association

There was an S.O.S. appeal, and the Football League clubs planked down £1,000 to tide the F.A. over a financial crisis.

That was an act of splendid generosity, and it was up to the F.A. to return the compliment when normal times were restored.

What happened, however, was that the authorities at Russell Square extracted more money from the professional clubs than at any previous period of football history.

They did so by the simple process of compelling them to pay heavy percentages that they could ill afford from the Cup gates.

Although the F.A. was almost on its last financial legs so much has it taken out of the professional side of the game, during the past eight or nine years that its last balance-sheet revealed a surplus of over £94,000.

Add to that the vast annual expenditure, and our estimate that professional football has had to find an average of £20,000 per annum solely for governmental purposes is not an exaggeration.

When a club buys a ground, or spends a large sum in improvements, it has to borrow money in the open market.

Selfishness exposed

There is not a case on record in which the Association has lent money to a club, although it ought to have done so at not more than 3 per cent. It prefers to allow clubs to borrow on mortgage at anything up to 7½ per cent.

The *Sporting Life* last year exposed the selfishness of the Association in withholding its financial resources from clubs.

If the gentlemen of the Council are in any doubt as to what to do with the huge surplus, they have only to ask the clubs. They will not find them lacking in ideas regarding how both the prestige of the F.A. and the welfare of the great national sport could be jointly enhanced.

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at left.

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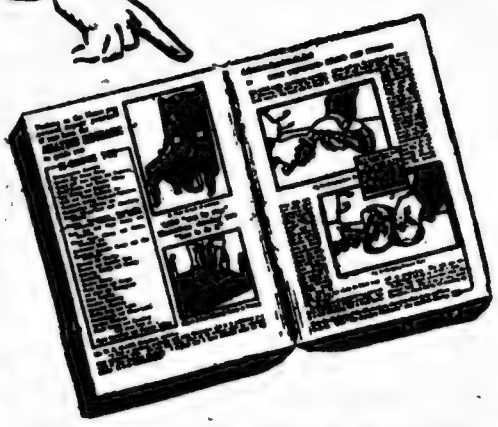

Do your own watch and clock repairs with the help of this book.

Here is a book that will save you one hundred times its cost during the many years it will serve you. The Amateur Mechanic tells how to do hundreds of useful jobs about the house or garden, from building a chicken house to doing your own brick-work and concreting. You can do any work that you now pay a decorator to do, and if you want a baby carriage or wicker chair you can make it yourself instead of buying it at a shop.

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Save Pounds doing your own Brick-work, Plastering and Cement-work. The book contains full instructions.

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This Book shows you how to:

Do Boot-repairing, Bricklaying, Painting, Varnishing, Plastering, Paperhanging, Electrotyping, Lock Repairs, Watch and Clock Mending, Upholstery, Electric Work of all descriptions such as Lighting, Bells, or the Installation of a House Telephone, Bookbinding, Glass-Blowing, Piano Tuning and Repairs, Repairing a Typewriter, Sewing Machine, Bicycle or Lawn Mower, Mounting and Stuffing Birds and Animals, Making Model Yachts.

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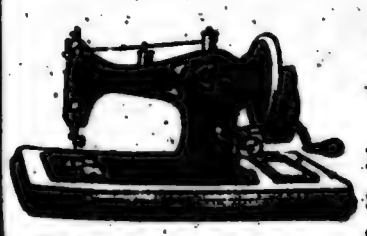
A useful article, easy to make. Follow the instructions in The Amateur Mechanic.



The book tells how to repair sewing machines, bicycles, typewriters, lawn-mowers, venetian blinds, chairs, tables, or anything in metal or woodwork.

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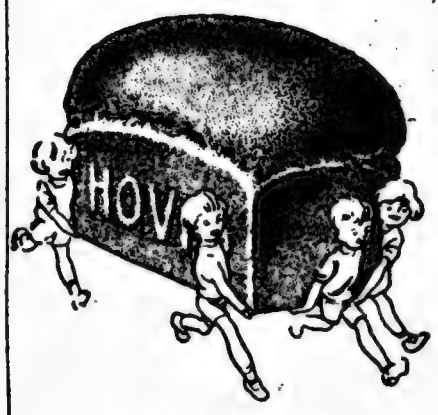

Give the children HOVIS because they like it and because it is so good for them.

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Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

Common Forms of INDIGESTION

Whatever form your Indigestion may take Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savoury & Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances:—

INDIGESTION.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the very best remedy I have been able to get. I have tried everything I have seen advertised, but nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat anything, but now one lozenge has the desired effect. I cannot praise them highly enough."

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Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention JOHN BULL and address:—Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

DON'T GET MARRIED at GRETNA GREEN!

The black mith's shop at Gretna Green, purcha ed a few yea s ago by a wealthy local resident who employs the officiating "Bl cksm.th-pr.est"

Ri hard Rennison, the so-called "Blacksmith-priest," at present in office

THIS is the story of Gretna Green. It will be different from the others you have read because it will be true. It will be fact instead of fiction.

The Gretna Green wedding ceremony, famed throughout the world, is a shameful business. The blacksmith-priest is neither priest nor blacksmith.

The ancient anvil over which so many have plighted their troth is no more an antique than the blushing bride who stands before it.

Gretna Green may quite easily rob a deceived woman of her legal rights as a wife.

Again, a husband may suddenly discover that he is a single man. Children may find that they are illegitimate.

Innocent young women may find themselves left destitute by some scoundrel who led them triumphantly to the anvil altar, with no claim as a wife against him at all.

Gretna Green, in fact, opens the way for fraud by unscrupulous villains who induce young women to embark upon runaway escapades.

Not long ago, for example, the Birmingham Sessions sentenced a deported American forger to jail for fifteen months for a mean fraud on a woman whom he had tempted to leave home and go with him to Gretna Green to be wedded.

On their return to Hastings, where the girl lived, her father forgave her and presented her with £50 as a present.

The man she had married promised to bank the money with £100 of his own, and he gave her a bank certificate for £150.

But actually the wily scoundrel had only banked £15 and had had a good time with the remaining £35, having carefully added an "0" to the bank's receipt for the £15.

Lancashire girl's plight

Then there was a Lancashire girl who was trapped at Gretna Green, where she went through a form of marriage with a Jew.

That was in October last, but only last month she was bringing an action against the Jew for maintenance on a separation order.

That marriage in haste in the shadow of the anvil certainly resulted in ample repentance at leisure!

The Jew's legal representative argued that there was no valid union between the parties because they had not resided in Scotland for even a day before the "wedding" at Gretna, and the Bench dismissed the application.

Thus was another woman's life wrecked by the marriage shops, and she had been shamed in the eyes of her friends.

The point is that the marriage must be properly registered and that one of the contracting parties must have resided in Scotland for twenty-one days.

It is stated that 216 marriages were performed at the Gretna Green smithy last year.

We find that, up till January 12, only fourteen had been properly registered and had appeared in the local marriage register!

As three months is the time limit within which the sheriff may issue a warrant for registration, some of these couples have still time to register, provided, of course, that they had complied, at the time, with the law of Scotland regarding residence.

Two "marriage" shops

After this time limit has elapsed, registration is a pretty costly matter and must be carried out by application to the Court of Session.

Many have actually remarried this time in a fit and proper manner, in order that benefits depending on proof of marriage might be obtained.

The ceremony performed at Gretna might just as well be performed in a butcher's shop or on the top of a 'bus. It would not be so romantic, but it would serve the same purpose!

According to the Scottish right of "free contract" there is nothing to prevent it, provided, as already emphasised, the formalities of residence and registration are complied with.

There are two marriage shops at Gretna Green, the Old Toll Bar and the Blacksmith's Shop.

The former was the last of the houses wherein were performed the historical runaway weddings that figure in the records of the past, its career being cut short by the Brougham Act of 1854 which insisted that one of the parties in the marriage should be resident in Scotland for twenty-one days before an "irregular" union took place.

The Blacksmith's Shop was bought a few years ago by its present proprietor, Mr. Hugh Mackie, a wealthy resident of Gretna Green, who is the employer of Mr. Richard Rennison, the so-called blacksmith-priest.

Romance, forsooth! All the romance that the Gretna Green anvil possesses is that brought there by those imaginative and deluded folk who fancy that they are participating in a ceremony that has been carried out by successive blacksmith-priests for something like five hundred years!

There are many who visit Gretna with no intention of marrying, but, becoming enamoured of the "romance" and, love-like, losing their heads, they plight their troth over the anvil.

Under certain conditions, however, the marriages can be unmade as easily as they are made, as is proved by the following episode which is not quite without the element of humour.

A young Carlisle apprentice of twenty-one, and his young sweetheart of seventeen found themselves at Gretna one pleasant Sunday afternoon, and yielding, apparently, to a sudden impulse they were married at the Blacksmith's.

Neither, however, had lived in Scotland for twenty-one days, and, on the Monday the lad's mother hurried to Gretna and no doubt, gave Mr. Rennison an eloquent piece of her mind!

Abused by rascals

The "Blacksmith-Priest" confessed that the marriage was not legal, and he promised to have the record erased from his register.

How foolish this "marriage" really was will readily be understood when we add that the "bridegroom" was only earning a pound a week.

He could never have supported the girl even if the union had been legal and binding.

This prostitution of romance must end. The authorities must not allow the ancient Scottish custom of free contract of marriage to be abused by rascals.

Young women must be protected from themselves and from the wiles of scoundrels.

If the "priests" of Gretna cannot be induced to insist on their "clients" testifying on oath as to their residential qualifications and of emphasising the necessity for proper registration of the union, then legislation must be passed to wipe the marriage shops out of existence.

They are a mockery and a menace and a challenge to the Church of Scotland. What is the Church going to do about it?

The "marriage room" at the Old Toll Bar, Gretna Green

THE MULLER NUTRIENT WILL GIVE YOU THE "STRONGER NERVES"

THAT MAINTAINS THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND WARDS OFF "AGE."

You are as old as you feel. How "old" you feel depends how far your nerve cells are depleted. Everyone nowadays suffers more or less from nervous exhaustion resulting in low spirits, irritability, insomnia, etc., all signs of nerve cell starvation.

"Nerve Cell Starvation" is not a figure of speech, but a literal truth. Most of the nourishment derived from food intaken can be utilised to make good the muscular tissue wasted by physical exertion, but only a minute portion of what is extracted which is in the form of "organised phosphorus" can nourish and revitalize the wasted nerve cells. Hence the only and true remedy for nervous exhaustion is a food that will supply to the hungry cells the precious natural or "organised phosphorus," which by the by is very different from the phosphorous tonics which adorn the chemists' counter. "Organised phosphorus" in the nutrimental form that it is needed *is precisely what is supplied by the Muller Nutrient.*

The Muller Nutrient is not a drug or stimulant, but an actual food, a real nerve food taken and masticated like ordinary food.

Drugs or stimulants may whip the exhausted cells into passing activity but when their potency has gone, there is a relapse—with despondency—want of concentration and mental sluggishness. With each stimulation the reaction is more pronounced—every doctor knows this. The Muller Nutrient has no such reaction. It really nourishes the nerve cells, filling them with new life, and re-energises the whole nervous system. The feelings of lightness, energy, and well-being that follow a course of the Muller Nutrient are LASTING. In the *adequate nourishment* of the nerve cells is the secret of the spirit of youth and the retardment of "age," for there is a great gulf between the health you now have, and the health you might enjoy *if* your nerves gain *adequate nourishment.*

The dynamo of the body is the nervous system from whence comes all power. If the nervous system suffers, the whole body suffers. If the nervous system is restored, the whole body is revitalized with renewed health, strength and a keener enjoyment of life. All who are troubled with any degree of nervous exhaustion may take the Muller Nutrient with the full confidence that it will give them a mental force and buoyancy of spirits hitherto unknown.

AS A PREVENTIVE OF BRAIN FAG—FORGETFULNESS—GLOOMY THOUGHTS—INSOMNIA—THE MULLER NUTRIENT IS OF SUPREME VALUE.

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

In order that you may test the wonderful properties of the MULLER NUTRIENT for yourself, the Muller Laboratories have set aside for free distribution 10,000 full-sized boxes of the Dr. MULLER NERVE NUTRIENT. To obtain one, all you need do is to send your full name and address to 550, The Muller Laboratories, Scientific Food Specialists, 37, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1, and the free trial supply (sufficient for one week) will be sent to you by return, together with full instructions, and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's treatise on "The Nerves and Their Requirements for Health" (published at one shilling).

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GIBBS SHAVING CREAM SWEEPS WHISKER CORPS OFF ALL FRONTS

LATEST BULLETIN

CHIN CORNER *February 6th.* (6.45 *Ack Emma*)

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* * * *

Set Gibbs Shaving Cream at your Beard. A Gibbs Shave is one battle you'll win. That creamy bubble lather will soon wilt those whiskers—soak them, subdue them. The lather is soon 22½ times the weight of the cream used—packing ruthlessly round each helpless hair. Holding it ripely ready for the razor.

And the Cold Cream in Gibbs Shaving Cream repairing instantly the ravages of any rude razor—soothing, healing, comforting—pampering the pores—making the skin so smooth, so soft, so satiny—a victorious shave.

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BRITISH MADE

Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Stick in the patent thumb-push holder, also gives the famous Gibbs Cold Cream Shave.

In Nickel Holder Case .. 1/3

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G.H.Q. asks volunteers for Creamy Bubble Strafe Course. Officers taking are relieved of all heavy morning parade duties. Send 3d. in stamps under cover of sealed envelope for munitions. You will be issued Trial Tube Gibbs Shaving Cream, Shavers, for the use of, one; and Trial Stick Gibbs Shaving Stick, ditto.

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Cuticura Shaving Stick

Medicinal and Antiseptic

With all the cleansing, healing virtues of Cuticura plus a highly developed lathering quality that makes for shaving ease and comfort. A thoroughly modern, up-to-date shaving necessary, refreshing and non-irritating even when used twice daily.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick at chemists 1s. 3d.

Neave's Food makes babies bonny and protects them from wasting, Diarrhœa and Rickets. No more crying or teething troubles because Neave's nourishes and gives healthy sleep.

Price 6d., 1/3 and 3/9 everywhere.

They ALL do well on **Neave's** *The BEST Infant Food*

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For fifty years Vapo Cresolene has stopped the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Use it tonight and save the child from that wracking cough. Cresolene is widely used for Coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Asthma and Catarrh.

Vapo Cresolene

Sore throat is dangerous. Use Cresolene at once.

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The Portable with the 15gn. Cabinet Tone

CASH PRICE £3-7-6

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Man. Director: Thos. N. Cole.

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THE smarting pain and agony of Chilblains and Chapped Skin are quickly relieved by Mentholatum. *20 million Jars sold last year.*

Mentholatum

The World's Quickest Healer

Hundreds of Testimonials.
Sold by Chemists at 1/3 per Jar, or Treble Size 2/6.

Use this Coupon TO-DAY for FREE SAMPLE.

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Please send me Free Trial Box.

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"Relief is Belief"

In the grip of Rheumatism, Mr. Garner Jones found complete relief in Clarke's Blood Mixture. To other sufferers he recommends the remedy that has been famous as a blood purifier for 70 years. He *tried* it and proved its worth. Benefit by his experience. Just as good for Abscesses, Swollen Glands, Ulcers, Piles, Eczema, and Eruptions as it is for Rheumatism and Gout.

3/- per bottle—Six times the quantity, 12/-

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When outward application is also required Use CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE.

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J. B. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.

"Where Did You SLEEP LAST NIGHT?"

"There is an air of intimacy which disarms all fears"

THE present upheaval among the higher officials in no way affects the wonderful work of the Army's rank and file, which goes silently on

THE Salvation Army bureau at 110, Middlesex Street, East, is a bright spot. The red jersey of the door-keeper flames like a beacon on a grey morning. The bureau is a harbour of refuge for stray wreckage. There is no end to the appeals for help.

Wives are restored to husbands they cannot trace, sons to mothers. Prodigals call to receive the weekly shillings sent by a forbearing family; homes are kept together; debts paid; innumerable tragedies averted.

Here also come the pitiable army of the workless: men no longer on the "dole," hungry, destitute and homeless.

The day starts early in Middlesex Street. At half-past eight the first contingent of down-and-outs arrive for breakfast. They have been rounded up by the Army scouts who from midnight to the early hours search out these unhappy ones and distribute tickets for a free meal at the adjoining Salvation Army hostel, with a chance of work if there be any going. They range far, these scouts, and there is a continual harvest.

A haven indeed

The first thing you notice is the pleasant atmosphere of the room where each applicant is received. The walls are cream, with dark oak staining. The voices of the Colonel and his staff are pitched at a low and kindly key. There is an air of intimacy which disarms all fear.

Whoever enters comes up to the counter. If he wants work he gives his name, age, trade, references, if any, relations, if any, and other details.

They are pathetic reading, these human documents.

"Where did you sleep last night?" has so often the cruel answer, "Outside."

Young men, strong, clean and tidy-looking for the most part; middle-aged and elderly, all with the same heartbreaking tale to tell—out of work for two, six, eight, ten months and all for the same reason, slackness in the trade.

How does the bureau deal with the never-ending stream, each man different in his needs, requiring special understanding?

Helping a craftsman

A house-painter of thirty-five, late of the R.A.F., utterly destitute. Wandered about for two nights and very faint for lack of food. Painters were wanted in the Army hostel next door. Would he like to help with the job in return for board and lodgings and a few shillings?

He eagerly accepted the chance and half an hour later, after an ample meal, was in the old familiar overalls, happily distempering a ceiling. It means very much to a craftsman to get back to his own job.

But—and this is the point—odd jobs like these are only stepping-stones to more permanent things. In a few weeks if the painter proves satisfactory, he will be put on a salary; his employment and sick benefit ensured him. He will have got back.

A thin-faced, artistic-looking man of fifty-seven slept in the casual ward the previous night. He had been a valet and he wore his battered hat quite jauntily. He had seen life, that man, "in a pantomime gentleman's service" and in the household of a lady of title from whom he had excellent references.

But the pantomime gentleman had died, the household had broken up. At fifty-seven it is not easy to get work and his savings had gone. He had come to the bureau as a last resource.

He was found a job as a scrubber in one of the Army hostels till something better came along.

No prison stigma

An engineer-fitter with a brilliant record from the R.F.A. and willing to do anything. He was sent to the Army's paper factory. He had tramped from Halifax and was all-in. Like many others he had drawn the "dole" until he had exhausted his limit and meanwhile had been unable to make any contributions. And so he was starving, though he was a smart workman who "had never been in trouble with the police."

A prison record does not frighten the bureau. These particular applicants are dealt with in a separate room. Nothing appals, nothing terrifies the Army. A dope fiend or a dypsomaniac is to them as a little child.

Criminals are regarded as lost sheep and carefully guided back to safety.

An ex-Army officer, and public schoolboy, told his tale quite frankly. Discharged from the Army with shell-shock and a pension of eight shillings a week, he had been unable to keep a regular job through recurrent attacks. He had taken a situation as butler, but had lost this also, and finally drifted to prison on a charge of fraud.

"... hungry, destitute and homeless." Countless derelicts are rounded up nightly by the Army scouts and cared for at adjacent Salvation Army hostels

With only a prison record he came to Middlesex Street. The Lady Captain of the Department remembered that one of the hostels was giving a poor children's party that afternoon. The ex-officer was sent along to act as major-domo and gave great satisfaction. The Captain took a peep at him but made no sign of recognition. Why? If she had spoken his colleagues would have realised that he came through the "Prisoners' Department"—the record of every man remains a secret between him and the bureau.

Borstal boy's appeal

A boy from Borstal is the next case. He has been released at his urgent appeal to the care of the Salvation Army. He will work at the paper factory. An old-timer who has come from prison for the sixth time is given free board and lodging for a day or two, "till he can turn round."

The spiritually destitute find their way to Middlesex Street in the desperate hope of release. Men of all creeds and classes come crying for help to fight the insatiable dope or drink that has ruined them. Some of the strangest histories lie hidden in the files.

Late one night there came a man, a scholar and a clergyman, whose fame as a preacher was established. He had lived with his secret for years and at last it was too much for him. He knew that at any moment he might find himself too drunk to fulfil his duties, and like a heart-broken child he threw himself on the mercy of the bureau.

Incessant labours

He has conquered his demon, but he will not return to his old place. He is working in the Army in a lowly and inconspicuous position where he can help others even more hopeless than he was, and he is at peace.

A number of the Army's officials have graduated from the depths. They know what it means to need a helping hand, and for that reason no one can sink beyond the reach of their aid.

The bureau closes officially at 5.30, but even when the office is shut the work continues. Next door the hungry are fed, the homeless sheltered. The scouts are getting ready to go out again.

In the morning their human salvage of the streets will be found at the door. Another day begins . . . .

other ointments and lotions failed

SKIN TROUBLES

January 12th, 1928.

"I AM writing to let you know how much we appreciate Germolene. My little girl, Kathleen, aged 11, had Impetigo very badly in her head. Lotions and different ointments that were recommended did not do her any good. At last I thought I would try Germolene, and I am thankful to say it cured her in a few days."—Mrs. Fitzgerald, 167, Ivyhouse Road, Dagenham, Essex.

MOTHER after mother finds the same. It doesn't seem to matter what the skin trouble is—the ointment that relieves and heals is always Germolene! Why is it? It is simply that the aseptic, non-smarting, soothing, tissue-building qualities of Germolene are exceptional. Buy a tin to-day, it will be handy in case of accidents.

Germolene Aseptic Soap is a splendid tonic if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will quickly notice the improvement.

CUTS • ULCERS
BURNS • ECZEMA
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Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

1/3 and 3/- A Veno Product

THOUSANDS OF BRITISH DOCTORS Have Already Taken Up

CICFA

The PROVED REMEDY for INDIGESTION

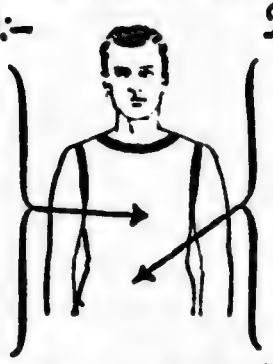
The fact that CICFA has been taken up so widely by British Doctors is surely proof of its efficacy. Indigestion means that the system is unable to extract and assimilate the necessary nourishment from the food eaten. CICFA assists nature by supplying Digestive Ferments to the digestive glands. When CICFA is taken, Acidity in the Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Biliousness, Burning Spot behind the left shoulder blade, and the other distressing symptoms of Indigestion are banished.

Doctors know that because the required Digestive Ferments are combined in CICFA its action MUST be both NATURAL and lasting.

THE SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION:—

In the Stomach:-

- Sharp Neuralgic Headaches.
- Acid in Stomach with Heartburn.
- Tongue coated white all over.
- Complexion blotchy.
- Redness of Nose.
- Dislike of Food.
- Pains darting through Chest.
- Burning spot behind left shoulder blade.



In the Bowel:-

- Flatulence.
- Dull heavy Headaches.
- Acid in blood causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- Tongue coated yellow at back.
- Complexion dull and muddy
- Eating disliked.
- Biliousness.
- Pain and Constipation.

Don't let Indigestion sap your vitality when by taking CICFA you can obtain complete restoration of those functions which are the basis of a healthy, robust life. **Remember that Indigestion is the cause of many other serious ailments and diseases because it lowers the power of resistance to disease germs.** Start on the road to health and happiness at once by getting a tube of CICFA tablets from your chemist TO-DAY.

1/3 and 3/- of all Chemists

"Dear Sirs,—I wish to inform you that I have obtained most wonderful benefits from your Cicfa. During my treks in Central Africa, when often a great distance away from white men, I had on many occasions to rely absolutely upon your Cicfa. After a serious attack of malarial fever, which had weakened my stomach to an alarming degree, Cicfa proved equal to the occasion and was a veritable god-send. My travels in Africa were very trying owing to excessive heat and variations in temperature, but I was never without Cicfa, and never once did it fail me. Yours faithfully

(Signed), M. McKAY."

The Cicfa Co., 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1

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Following up the amazing success of our recent Wireless offers, we now offer Secret Complete Valve Sets at Prices never heard of before with a full Guarantee.

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With Valves, LOUD SPEAKER & Equipment.

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CASH PRICE £5 : 15 : 0

Or 2-VALVE SET on First Payment of 14/- If Further Payments 14/- CASH PRICE £5 : 15 : 0.

Write at once, with or without Remittance, for further particulars.

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J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11, KIRKEM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

Stay where you are and "visit" the Bargain Market on page 4.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP
Cures all Colds!

The first dose of "GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP" brings noticeable relief. The best safeguard against the ill effects of the most inclement weather. The unequalled remedy for coughs, colds, 'flu, and all bronchial troubles. Children love it—adults know there is no better or quicker cure

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

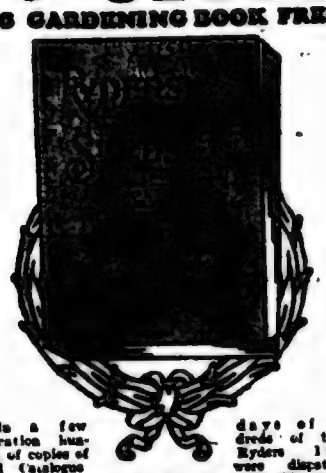
Mrs. Brady, of 23, Broughton Street, Belfast, says:—"I have been troubled with a bad attack of Bronchitis for some months, and have tried many remedies, but nothing seemed to give any relief until one day I decided to try 'GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP.' Before I had taken half the bottle I felt great relief. I continued until I had taken three bottles and now I am completely cured."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E.17, price 1/9 and 3/3, post free.

Ryders SEEDS

THIS GARDENING BOOK FREE.



Within a few days of its publication hundreds of thousands of copies of Ryders 1929 Seed Catalogue were dispatched to all parts of the country. The demand for this popular Garden Book is enormous, and is positive proof that the British Gardening Public appreciate the economical advantages of buying the finest quality seeds in the famous Ryders 2d. Packets.

RYDERS 1929 CATALOGUE

is full of information and contains richly coloured plates and many delightful black-and-white illustrations.

STUDY ECONOMY AND GET THE BEST RESULTS BY SOWING RYDERS' SEEDS.

Send a postcard for your copy of the 1929 Catalogue to-day. Kindly mention this paper.

RYDER & SON (1920) Ltd., Seed Merchants,

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CAMPBELL'S MELODEONS

Mouth Organs, Concertinas and Everything Musical.

Write for price list. Post free.

CAMPBELL'S

114, Trongate, Glasgow.

He Shattered a YOUNG WIFE'S ILLUSIONS and squandered her fortune. Can he atone for the past?

HERE are some Problems of Life sent by readers and dealt with by "Humanist." Now or later you will be confronted with a problem which may trouble you. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

A MARRIED woman of only twenty-three, I have gone through an eternity of misery.

Three years ago while at work I had an accident that injured my spine. My employer gave me £300 compensation.

This, instead of providing, as my employer hoped, for my future, was my stepping-stone to tragedy.

I was keeping company with a young man before my accident. But now, as soon as the compensation was settled, he proposed marriage.

He said I could start the little business afterwards with him as partner even better than if I remained single and alone. I agreed; indeed, I counted myself the luckiest girl in the world to keep my lover regardless of my accident.

We secured a house and we furnished it beautifully, using up most of the £300 to do it; though, having turned over the money to my husband to manage, I did not know this till afterwards.

If I asked for cash my husband explained that it was fastened up in shares and could not be got at without difficulty.

Then one day my husband came home to tell me he had lost his employment and shortly afterwards we were in actual want.

BY this time I was expecting a baby which maybe sharpened my wits, for I perceived that my husband was lazy, and never kept any job more than a few weeks.

Twins were born; and after that the home began to disappear.

Worse was to follow. When the furniture was sold, so that a few pounds were in hand, my husband took the larger portion of it to spend on drink.

It was my own sisters who surprised him having an uproariously jolly time out at night with other girls.

My mother offered to take me and the babies home if I would leave my husband and try again to find work.

I was only too thankful to accept, and though I still suffer with my back I go out to work and manage to support my kiddies while mother does all in her power to keep us all in health.

Now I have had a most disturbing letter from my husband in Australia. It seems that he went there when I left him and he says he has made good. He says he has a nice little farm and is doing well; that he never knew how much he loved me until he got so far away.

He wants me to go out, and take my babies, but—can I trust him?

HUMANIST says: I cannot advise you to rush after this man, who obviously only married you to handle your money, the first moment he holds up a finger.

He may, of course, have repented; but you must have proof. If he is as good a citizen in Australia as he purports to be he will be able to get an independent testimony.

Ask him to send some credentials from some responsible person before you again trust yourself to his keeping.

* * *

SISTER'S CURSES

stir up trouble

ALTHOUGH I am a perfectly normal girl of twenty-one I can't hold down any job for more than a few weeks at the most. Yet I badly need to earn money to help mother, who is a widow, and those of my sisters who are not working.

One of these sisters is just bone idle while the other is a semi-invalid. At least she thinks she is, though I think her imagination is to blame.

Nearly every penny that comes into the house is spent on medicines and luxuries for this sister, though the rest of us may be practically starving.

No human pen could describe how jealous and malicious she is. She is forever nagging and blaming first one and then another of us for this or that.

Through her influence my mother is becoming cowed and broken in health, yet she won't go into a hospital or other institution for treatment.

My life at home is unbearable.

My sister now vows that through her curses I shall never be able to hold down a job. Do you think they can have this evil power?

HUMANIST says: Angry words have no power if you are sensible enough to disregard them. You don't hold down your jobs because you are thinking about yourself instead of concentrating on your work.

Study to make yourself a competent worker; then you will not only keep your post but be able to hold your own. Meanwhile treat your querulous invalid with more tolerance and patience. You seem to forget that she *is* an invalid!

OPTIMISM ON WHEELS

despite severe affliction

MOST people to-day are crazy to forgo the use of their limbs and travel on wheels. They have a push-bike, a motor-bike, a side-car or a motor-car. They will even handicap their lives to pay for wheels; wheels on the roads, and even wheels in the air.

They don't want to use their feet. I do. My handicap is that I cannot. I am a cripple and, as such, tied to my wheeled chair.

Don't think, however, I am downhearted because of that. I am not. I have accepted my physical disability as a thing that has to be simply because it cannot be helped.

Indeed, I constantly remind myself that there are others with less to be thankful for and in far worse case.

My problem, therefore, resolves itself into one of ways and means. I don't want, at any part of my life, to be a burden to others.

My mother is a widow. Father died seven years ago and I was over fourteen at the time so she gets no pension as many younger widows do, but at sixty works hard all day, and often far into the night at her sewing-machine.

The longer this goes on and the older she gets the more I suffer at my inability to help.

I have tried making paper flowers. I have tried chocolate clubs. The results would not feed a mouse.

Once I collected over £150 for a local hospital, but when I asked the secretary if he could find me a job he replied: "We only employ men with college education."

I have just two hours solid enjoyment each week when I get my weekly copy of JOHN BULL. If you can add to this by giving me some practical advice I shall be everlastingly obliged.

HUMANIST says: Your letter, while not betraying "college" shows you have a considerable amount of education. Improve this by taking up book-keeping.

When you have passed an examination advertise your willingness to keep the books and make out the accounts of small tradesmen.

I have known several men make a good living in this way by relieving small shopkeepers of what is often their chief bugbear.

If, in addition you join the Y.M.C.A.—there is a fine one in your neighbourhood—explaining your ambition to the secretary, you will at once surround yourself with congenial friends who will do all in their power to further it.

* * *

WORRYING IN SECRET

over drunken son

DURING the last year I have been forced to witness a pathetic change take place in my dear mother. We girls knew her only as a cheerful woman, always happy, with a smile and bright word for all.

Now she is quiet and subdued, seldom smiles, and to the eye of Love it is quite clear she is nursing some secret sorrow.

She brightens up when dad comes home; but I, now that I have had my eyes opened, can see her brightness is forced. I know, because I have discovered the secret she has so carefully hidden within her own breast.

My elder and only brother is a secret drunkard and mum is shielding him to save him from father's wrath.

Night after night mother makes excuse to stay up late and gets this boy in and up to bed as quietly as she can.

How difficult her task is may be judged when I tell you that one day she appeared at breakfast with a terribly bruised and discoloured eye. She told us she had been looking for something in the dark and had hit her head on the corner of the mantel-piece.

FATHER believed her, but I knew better. I knew that my brother in his drunken fit, had struck her. Now, this will show you his deceit; on Sundays when father is at home my brother does not trust himself to go out.

He is, on the contrary, quite pleasant and stays in reading and chatting all day.

Last Sunday I could not stay in the room to hear father confiding in him as trustfully as though he were a tower of strength; for I felt I should shriek out the truth.

Yet mother begs me, time and again, to keep quiet, as father, she says, would simply turn my brother out of doors if he knew the life she has to endure.

Meanwhile her heart is breaking, and I can see her slowly fading. What would you advise me to do?

HUMANIST says: Break the foolish silence that is ruining your mother's health. Your brother's drunkenness is a matter for your father to deal with.

I can see no reason for concluding that he will turn the boy out of doors.

It is much more likely that he will show a firm hand, and take steps to protect your mother and bring his son to his senses at one and the same time.

* * *

The Youth who squandered £26,000. Read the dramatic story in "The People" next Sunday.

CORNS COME OUT LIKE THE HULL OF A STRAWBERRY

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Don't suffer another day with that stubborn corn.

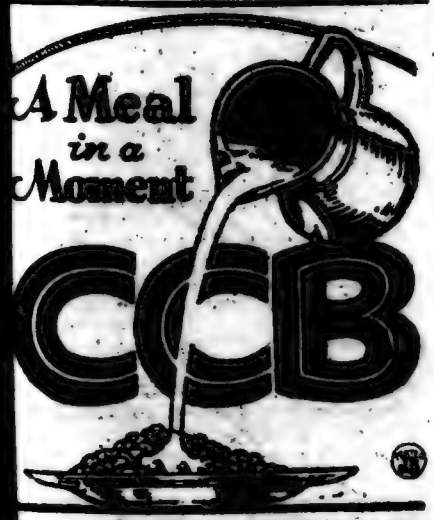
IT CAN BE REMOVED.

Just a packet of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** and ten minutes of your time. That is all you need.

Dissolve a small handful of this in a basin of hot water: rest the feet in it and you will be delighted to feel the effects of this *medicated* and *oxygenated* water; it draws and loosens that corn so that you can pick it right out with the tips of the fingers, root and all. Perhaps you have callouses or chilblains. The callouse can be peeled right off and the itch and swelling from chilblains will disappear as if by magic. Have a go at it to-night.

Costs you nothing to try. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the results your money will be refunded immediately, in full and without question.

There is only ONE Bath SALTRATES
That is REUDEL Bath Saltrates
1/6 *IT'S MORE THAN A BATH SALT*



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is taken by those with money and time to spare. Do you know why? Because mass ge is recognised by leading medical men of all countries as a common-sense, natural remedy for a great many bodily ills. It is now, as never before, within the power of all to get rid of unwanted fat and alleviate rheumatism, gout, neuritis, neuralgia, and kindred ailments by really scientific massage, for with the **PUNKT-ROLLER** you can procure for yourself in a simple, easy way all the beneficial effects of expensive Hand Massage. The gentle, kneading, persuading action of its rubber suction cups stimulates the circulation to dissolve and carry away fat cells and impurities. This is nature's own way. Lengthy gymnastic exercises, properly supervised, achieve the same objects, but cannot remove superfluous fat from specific parts of the body.

The **Punkt-Roller** is a most effective form of massage. The exhilarating effects of five minutes' use leave the circulation sufficiently active to dissolve fat deposits. The invigorating sensation of fitness remains for hours. See for yourself, from day to day, how the use of the **Punkt-Roller** will slender and shape your hips, thighs, and calves.

It's fine keeping fit with the PUNKT-ROLLER

Buy a **Punkt-Roller** *to-day. But be sure it bears the Trade Mark—"Mark on the Brow." No imitations are as effective.*

STANDARD MODEL 25/-.

Popular Model 19/6. **Face Punkt-Roller 7/6.**

To be obtained from all branches of Boots (The Chemists), *all leading General Stores in London and the Provinces and from all first-class chemists.*

Wholesale Distributors: Punkt Products Depot (Dept. IB), 61, St. Tower Street, London, E.C.3

20/- Monthly That is all

Delivered Free

PROBABLY you have longed for the time when you could instal the best of all "companions"—a piano in your home.

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Call or write for profusely Illustrated Catalogue No. 230, It will interest and please you.

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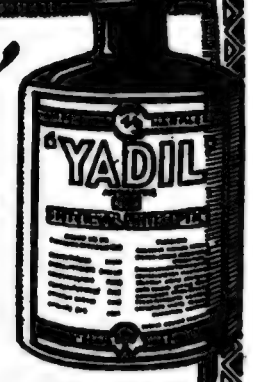
149, Oxford Street, London, W.1
Head Office: Hanover St., Liverpool
AGENTS WANTED.

'No Flu'



That is the record of the Home when 'Yadil' is in use—"no flu." 'Yadil,' the antiseptic healer, has been analysed and certified as absolutely safe to use. Safe and Certain, it strikes immediately at the very root of the disease.

A heavy dose is wasteful—little and often is best.

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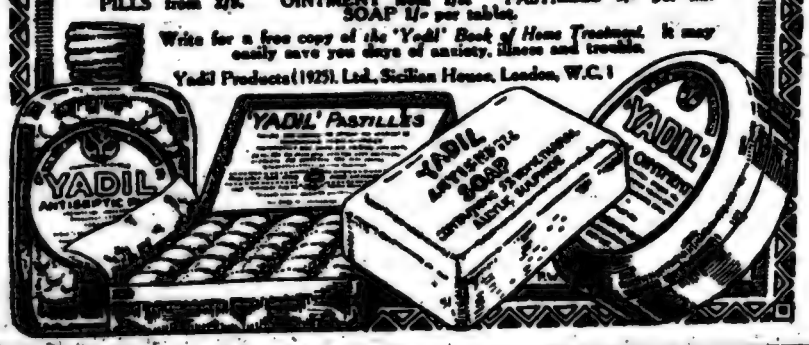
Write for a free copy of the 'Yadil' Book of Home Treatment. It may easily save you days of anxiety, illness and trouble.

Yadil Products (1925), Ltd., Sicilian House, London, W.C. 1



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5ft. 4in. x 2ft. 9in.	..	..	..	..	..	£9	0	0
6ft. 4in. x 3ft. 4in.	..	..	..	..	..	£11	15	0
7ft. 4in. x 3ft. 10in.	..	..	..	..	..	£15	0	0
8ft. 4in. x 4ft. 4in.	..	..	..	..	..	£21	10	0

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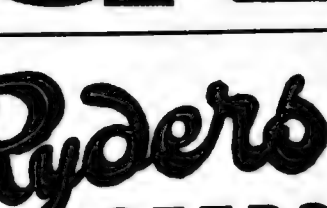

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CAMPBELL'S MELODEONS
Mouth Organs, Concertinas and Everything Musical.
Write for price list. Post free.
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He Shattered a YOUNG WIFE'S ILLUSIONS and squandered her fortune. Can he atone for the past?

HERE *are some Problems of Life sent by readers and dealt with by "Humanist." Now or later you will be confronted with a problem which may trouble you. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.*

A MARRIED woman of only twenty-three, I have gone through an eternity of misery.

Three years ago while at work I had an accident that injured my spine. My employer gave me £300 compensation.

This, instead of providing, as my employer hoped, for my future, was my stepping-stone to tragedy.

I was keeping company with a young man before my accident. But now, as soon as the compensation was settled, he proposed marriage.

He said I could start the little business afterwards with him as partner even better than if I remained single and alone. I agreed; indeed, I counted myself the luckiest girl in the world to keep my lover regardless of my accident.

We secured a house and we furnished it beautifully, using up most of the £300 to do it; though, having turned over the money to my husband to manage, I did not know this till afterwards.

If I asked for cash my husband explained that it was fastened up in shares and could not be got at without difficulty.

Then one day my husband came home to tell me he had lost his employment and shortly afterwards we were in actual want.

BY this time I was expecting a baby which maybe sharpened my wits, for I perceived that my husband was lazy, and never kept any job more than a few weeks.

Twins were born; and after that the home began to disappear.

Worse was to follow. When the furniture was sold, so that a few pounds were in hand, my husband took the larger portion of it to spend on drink.

It was my own sisters who surprised him having an uproariously jolly time out at night with other girls.

My mother offered to take me and the babies home if I would leave my husband and try again to find work.

I was only too thankful to accept, and though I still suffer with my back I go out to work and manage to support my kiddies while mother does all in her power to keep us all in health.

Now I have had a most disturbing letter from my husband in Australia. It seems that he went there when I left him and he says he has made good. He says he has a nice little farm and is doing well; that he never knew how much he loved me until he got so far away.

He wants me to go out, and take my babies, but—can I trust him?

HUMANIST says: I cannot advise you to rush after this man, who obviously only married you to handle your money, the first moment he holds up a finger.

He may, of course, have repented; but you must have proof. If he is as good a citizen in Australia as he purports to be he will be able to get an independent testimony.

Ask him to send some credentials from some responsible person before you again trust yourself to his keeping.

* * *

SISTER'S CURSES

stir up trouble

ALTHOUGH I am a perfectly normal girl of twenty-one I can't hold down any job for more than a few weeks at the most. Yet I badly need to earn money to help mother, who is a widow, and those of my sisters who are not working.

One of these sisters is just bone idle while the other is a semi-invalid. At least she thinks she is, though I think her imagination is to blame.

Nearly every penny that comes into the house is spent on medicines and luxuries for this sister, though the rest of us may be practically starving.

No human pen could describe how jealous and malicious she is. She is forever nagging and blaming first one and then another of us for this or that.

Through her influence my mother is becoming cowed and broken in health, yet she won't go into a hospital or other institution for treatment.

My life at home is unbearable.

My sister now vows that through her curses I shall never be able to hold down a job. Do you think they can have this evil power?

HUMANIST says: Angry words have no power if you are sensible enough to disregard them. You don't hold down your jobs because you are thinking about yourself instead of concentrating on your work.

Study to make yourself a competent worker; then you will not only keep your post but be able to hold your own. Meanwhile treat your querulous invalid with more tolerance and patience. You seem to forget that she *is* an invalid!

OPTIMISM ON WHEELS

despite severe affliction

MOST people to-day are crazy to forgo the use of their limbs and travel on wheels. They have a push-bike, a motor-bike, a side-car or a motor-car. They will even handicap their lives to pay for wheels; wheels on the roads, and even wheels in the air.

They don't want to use their feet. I do. My handicap is that I cannot. I am a cripple and, as such, tied to my wheeled chair.

Don't think, however, I am down-hearted because of that. I am not. I have accepted my physical disability as a thing that has to be simply because it cannot be helped.

Indeed, I constantly remind myself that there are others with less to be thankful for and in far worse case.

My problem, therefore, resolves itself into one of ways and means. I don't want, at any part of my life, to be a burden to others.

My mother is a widow. Father died seven years ago and I was over fourteen at the time so she gets no pension as many younger widows do, but at sixty works hard all day, and often far into the night at her sewing-machine.

The longer this goes on and the older she gets the more I suffer at my inability to help.

I have tried making paper flowers. I have tried chocolate clubs. The results would not feed a mouse.

Once I collected over £150 for a local hospital, but when I asked the secretary if he could find me a job he replied: "We only employ men with college education."

I have just two hours solid enjoyment each week when I get my weekly copy of JOHN BULL. If you can add to this by giving me some practical advice I shall be everlastingly obliged.

HUMANIST says: Your letter, while not betraying "college" shows you have a considerable amount of education. Improve this by taking up book-keeping.

When you have passed an examination advertise your willingness to keep the books and make out the accounts of small tradesmen.

I have known several men make a good living in this way by relieving small shopkeepers of what is often their chief bugbear.

If, in addition you join the Y.M.C.A.—there is a fine one in your neighbourhood—explaining your ambition to the secretary, you will at once surround yourself with congenial friends who will do all in their power to further it.

* * *

WORRYING IN SECRET

over drunken son

DURING the last year I have been forced to witness a pathetic change take place in my dear mother. We girls knew her only as a cheerful woman, always happy, with a smile and bright word for all.

Now she is quiet and subdued, seldom smiles, and to the eye of Love it is quite clear she is nursing some secret sorrow.

She brightens up when dad comes home; but I, now that I have had my eyes opened, can see her brightness is forced. I know, because I have discovered the secret she has so carefully hidden within her own breast.

My elder and only brother is a secret drunkard and mum is shielding him to save him from father's wrath.

Night after night mother makes excuse to stay up late and gets this boy in and up to bed as quietly as she can.

How difficult her task is may be judged when I tell you that one day she appeared at breakfast with a terribly bruised and discoloured eye. She told us she had been looking for something in the dark and had hit her head on the corner of the mantel-piece.

FATHER believed her, but I knew better. I knew that my brother in his drunken fit, had struck her. Now, this will show you his deceit; on Sundays when father is at home my brother does not trust himself to go out.

He is, on the contrary, quite pleasant and stays in reading and chatting all day.

Last Sunday I could not stay in the room to hear father confiding in him as trustfully as though he were a tower of strength; for I felt I should shriek out the truth.

Yet mother begs me, time and again, to keep quiet, as father, she says, would simply turn my brother out of doors if he knew the life she has to endure.

Meanwhile her heart is breaking, and I can see her slowly fading. What would you advise me to do?

HUMANIST says: Break the foolish silence that is ruining your mother's health. Your brother's drunkenness is a matter for your father to deal with.

I can see no reason for concluding that he will turn the boy out of doors.

It is much more likely that he will show a firm hand, and take steps to protect your mother and bring his son to his senses at one and the same time.

The Youth who squandered £26,000. Read the dramatic story in "The People" next Sunday.

CORNS COME OUT

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Don't suffer another day with that stubborn corn.

IT CAN BE REMOVED.

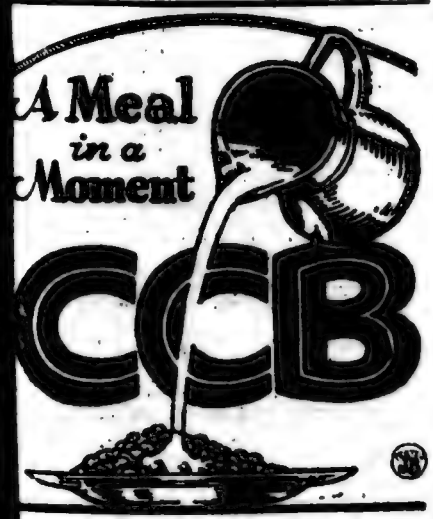
Just a packet of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** and ten minutes of your time. That is all you need.

Dissolve a small handful of this in a basin of hot water; rest the feet in it and you will be delighted to feel the effects of this *medicated* and *oxygenated* water; it draws and loosens that corn so that you can pick it right out with the tips of the fingers, root and all. Perhaps you have callouses or chilblains. The callouse can be peeled right off and the itch and swelling from chilblains will disappear as if by magic. Have a go at it to-night.

Costs you nothing to try. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the results your money will be refunded immediately, in full and without question.

There is only ONE Bath SALTRATES
That is REUDEL Bath Saltrates
1/6 *IT'S MORE THAN A BATH SALT*

A Meal in a Moment



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DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?
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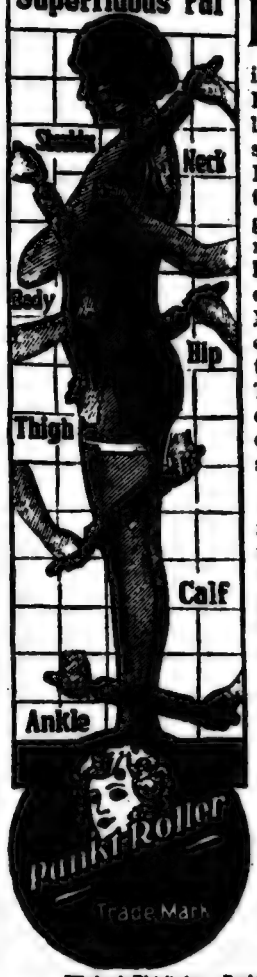
Superfluous Fat



REGULAR MASSAGE TREATMENT

is taken by those with money and time to spare. Do you know why? Because mass ge is recognised by leading medical men of all countries as a common-sense, natural remedy for a great many bodily ills. It is now, as never before, within the power of all to get rid of unwanted fat and alleviate rheumatism, gout, neuritis, neuralgia, and kindred ailments by really scientific massage, for with the **PUNKT-ROLLER** you can procure for yourself in a simple, easy way all the beneficial effects of expensive Hand Massage. The gentle, kneading, persuading action of its rubber suction cups stimulates the circulation to dissolve and carry away fat cells and impurities. This is nature's own way. Lengthy gymnastic exercises, properly supervised, achieve the same objects, but cannot remove superfluous fat from specific parts of the body.

The **Punkt-Roller** is a most effective form of massage. The exhilarating effects of five minutes' use leave the circulation sufficiently active to dissolve fat deposits. The invigorating sensation of fitness remains for hours. See for yourself, from day to day, how the use of the **Punkt-Roller** will slender and shape your hips, thighs, and calves.

It's fine keeping fit with the PUNKT-ROLLER

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STANDARD MODEL 25/-.

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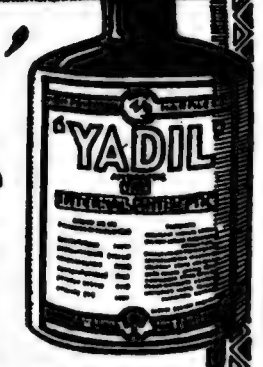
No Flu'



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5ft. 4in. x 2ft.	6in.	..	..	..	..	£9	0	0
6ft. 4in. x 3ft.	4in.	..	..	..	..	£11	15	0
7ft. 4in. x 3ft.	10in.	..	..	..	..	£15	0	0
8ft. 4in. x 4ft.	4in.	..	..	..	..	£21	10	0

Or in 18 monthly payments of 8/6, 11/-, 14/-, 18/-, 23/-

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, carriage paid and trade-in ricks taken. WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE ART LIST.

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Our Letter Parliament

What's Wrong with My WIFE

What's Wrong with My HUSBAND

ORIGINAL letters, upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

THE WHITEST MAN I'VE KNOWN

Feminine Faults

MY wife belongs to the tribe of Gad. And this is the peculiarity of the Gaddites—when you put your finger on them, they aren't there!

The only way I can become certain that my spouse will be at home when I arrive is to chain her up to the brickwork before I start away from the house.

She really has discovered the secret of perpetual motion. She is a member of so many "uplift" committees that her husband is a chronic "down-cast."—*J. P., Brook Green.*

Why Not?

My wife has a positive mania for tidiness. My books, ties and collars all disappear in the most mysterious manner.

Has she seen the screws I left on the mantelshelf? Oh, yes! But where she put them she can't quite remember. I lose my temper; she says I nag at her. After a frantic search we find them in my work-box.

I reluctantly admit it was the proper place for them. But, after all, why shouldn't a man's belongings be left exactly where he puts them?—"*Odin*," *Rhondda.*

Experimental Treatment

A friend has recommended a course of treatment.

Says he: "Give your wife a kindly word of appreciation for all the things she does well; then preserve a sympathetic silence over the things she does badly. Remember to buy her occasionally a little present. Regular visits to the best cinema should be included, with an occasional supper."

I have commenced this treatment already. Result: "Daily bulletins no longer necessary!"—*Tweddie, Barum.*

An Authority

All that is wrong is on my side, my wife assures me. Although the home is kept going by my professional knowledge of gardening, the moment I step inside my home garden everything I do is wrong.

I prune a rose-tree. It is pruned too hard. I divide a plant. It is ruined. I grow early potatoes. They are yellow-fleshed and ought to be white.

Why did I marry a gardener's daughter?—*J. H., Oxon.*

Reflections

It took me years to realise what was wrong. Now I know. My wife is a mirror. In her I have seen myself—an awful sight!

She possesses the priceless virtue of goodness.

Every deed done and every word spoken by me, which were not straightforward, were shown up in relief against the background of her goodness.

Seeing my meanness I became angry, moped, quarrelled, repented and finally asked forgiveness, which I always received.

Thanks to this knowledge, my lapses become rarer.—*L. C. W., Penarth.*

Too Generous?

All that is wrong with my wife is excess of generosity. Every cadger at our house gets a copper, and few collectors for charity go away empty-handed.

Recently a tin-whistle player knocked. He was a man whom I knew to be in regular night employment. I told my wife, who said she felt sorry for him.

I live in hopes that the bread my wife casts upon the waters will eventually return.—*M. H., Huddersfield.*

* * *

SNAPS

You would call my wife perfect—that's what's wrong with her!—"*Dissatisfied,*" *Dinas.*

* * *

The trouble with my wife is that she is too *distant*—I am still a bachelor.—*R. E. L., York.*

* * *

There is only one thing wrong with my wife. That's her choice of a husband.—*H. W. S., Walsall.*

Masculine Mistakes

WHAT'S wrong? Just wireless. We get it served up with every meal. The house is littered up with every conceivable wireless book and paper.

There are "spare parts" in nearly every cupboard, and no expense is too much if it is for wireless.

In spite of having one perfectly good set he is pulling it to pieces and making another.

Still, I suppose there are numerous wives bothered with "wireless" husbands, and he might spend his spare time in worse ways.—*Wyvie, Cambs.*

Now He Knows!

He's a modern "Micawber"! His slogan is "To-morrow!" The only thing he meets promptly is trouble.

He usually sees that coming, and gets out of the way, allowing others to suffer the impact. His attitude toward life is that of the lazy dog that sat on a thistle, continued to howl, but refused to move.

In his youth, inertia smothered ambition. He even kept me waiting at the altar on our wedding-day!—*C. W., Berks.*

Too Tenderhearted

My husband has been too generous too ready to listen to tales of woe.

He has given goods on credit to the most hopelessly unreliable folk because, as he told me, "They have had hard luck" or "They have had heavy doctor's bills," invariably adding, "And I hadn't the heart to press for my money."

Now, after a run of hard luck, and with his own wife an invalid, he doesn't find anyone ready to say: "I can't ask you for money."—*Materfamilias.*

All Work

What's wrong with my husband? (What an opportunity, he reads JOHN BULL.) Well, with him it's work first, work second and work all the time.

Whether the wage be big or small, he gives his all. He doesn't seem to see the truth of the old adage:—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Not only does it make him a dull boy, it is wearing him out, and when he reaches his prime, instead of enjoying life he will "crock up." Why cannot he realise that he has a duty to himself as well as to his employer?—*V. T., Hurmonden.*

His Only Fault

Although I have been married seventeen years I have never heard my husband laugh heartily. He won't see a joke and very seldom smiles.

If I sit down to amuse myself at the piano he is disgusted that a woman of thirty-six should sing love songs!—"*Keep Smiling,*" *Nottingham.*

* * *

SHOTS

My husband forgets how much a little praise helps a tired mother on her way.—*Mrs. S., Wymondham.*

* * *

After my husband has been washing up, I always find pieces of crockery hidden in the rubbish tin.—*Mrs. B., Pendleton, Lancs.*

* * *

My husband's world only holds three all-important people: I, Myself and Me.—*K. E. C., Liverpool.*

* * *

I first met my husband at a local carnival, but he was wearing a disguise!—*Blossom, Gt. Yarmouth.*

Homely Wisdom — *by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

THE NATION'S HANDICAP

I AM sitting on deck with the chief engineer. It is dark and the stars are hanging like small bright lamps out of the tropical sky.

Our big ship has been voyaging for the past fortnight through warm latitudes.

The latest wireless news bulletin tells us that the king is somewhat better, and we are delighted to hear it.

It also informs us of a meeting of Labour leaders to discuss the problem of reviving British industry.

"Ah," says the chief engineer, "they think that is worth looking into, do they? Well, it is about time."

"What do you mean?" I ask.

The chief engineer raises his head. "Look at this ship," he says. "We sail from a British port with a few tons of cargo on board. We shall go back laden to the hatches with goods of foreign manufacture.

"We have lost our markets, and our competitors have got them; British hands and brains are rusting for lack of employment. Is it not time for our leaders of all Parties to get together and see what is to be done about it?"

The chief engineer speaks of what he knows. A year ago he was in Germany—doing what?

Taking work there that Englishmen could and should be doing, but cannot do as cheaply as the Germans.

Mr. Norman Angell

This very ship was built in Germany, and a fine ship it is.

Think of it. We have lived by the sea for a thousand years. We swept the German navy off the sea ten years ago, and the queer result is that German naval shipyards can now be used to build ships to compete with and sell to us.

We are supposed to have won the war; but if so it would appear that the defeated are winning the peace.

Norman Angell was right when he wrote "The Great Illusion," though few believed him at the time.

War does not pay anybody except those who keep out of it.

When Americans tell me they won the war, I always agree, but remind them that they did not win it by fighting; they won it by making hay while the sun shone.

MY own observations tally with those of the chief engineer: England is not holding her own in the race for all-round efficiency and well-being.

We can't solve our problems by being content to acquire instead of produce.

None of us is so poor that he cannot do something to help England to retain her leadership in the world.

Don't Look Dead —Get On The Job

How can you expect to be successful when you are wearily dragging one leg after the other, with eyes lifeless, complexion sallow and skin marred with blemishes.

Everyone admires a brisk step and clean healthy appearance, so essential for a leading role in the drama of successful living.

Constipation robs you of your youthful appearance and vital force. Your bowels should move daily, the poisonous matter should be eliminated from the intestines.

Sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, sallow and pimply skin and other ailments resulting from constipation can be relieved. Don't delay — take CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-

The genuine bear signature *Bentford*

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

HOT Lemon Drink or Whisky with 3 'ASPRO' Tablets WILL SMASH UP ANY Feverish COLD Or 'FLU Attack in ONE Night

6d

You needn't get a Cold or Influenza—because two or three 'ASPRO' tablets with a HOT Lemon drink or WHISKY will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night. All the weakening "gone at the knees—" feverish—aching and sniffling sensations will go with it too. The Scientific Reasons WHY 'ASPRO' can do this are because it is, Firstly, an anti-pyretic or fever reducer, and, Secondly, when ingested in the system it is a powerful internal antiseptic and germicide.

'ASPRO' Dissolves Rheumatic Cause (Relief in One Night)

Don't Take Dangerous DRUGS TAKE 'ASPRO'

Never in the history of medicine has a remedy given such wonderful, universal and quick results for Rheumatic Attacks as 'ASPRO.' It acts like a charm, dispelling the pain, and leaving in its place a wonderful feeling of exhilaration. 'ASPRO' stops pain in five minutes, it creates no craving or nausea or harmful after-effects. A CHILD can take it.

PROMINENT PHYSICIAN PRAISES 'ASPRO'

STATES THAT PEOPLE WHO CANNOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN CAN TAKE 'ASPRO'—

NON-TOXIC VALUE APPRECIATED.

Scotland, 29th August, 1928.

Messrs. Sellie & Co. Pty., Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing to let you know of my experience with 'ASPRO.' While I have made no chemical tests, the CLINICAL RESULTS FULLY SUBSTANTIATE YOUR CLAIMS OF EXTREME PURITY. I HAVE FOUND THAT PEOPLE WHO COULD NOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN, OWING TO THE GASTRIC UPSET IT CAUSED, READILY TOLERATED 'ASPRO.' Also doses of 'ASPRO' are effective where similar doses of other brands are not. It has also, taken at night, a mild hypnotic effect, which is very valuable considering its non-toxic character.

If you will send me samples for general use I shall have pleasure in distributing them to certain of my patients.

Signed Yours faithfully, F. S.....(M.B., Ch.B.)

(Name withheld for professional reasons).

'ASPRO' USES:

1. It stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings *relief* without causing sickness, indigestion or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.

'FLU OUTED IN ONE NIGHT

19, White Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester. 29.9.28.

Gentlemen,

I was lying in bed this week ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS WITH THE 'FLU, as people who know me can well prove, and I have to go out in all sorts of weather to obtain a living. I sent my wife for a 6d. packet of 'ASPRO.' I took two tablets, got a good night's rest and was out next day pushing a handcart all over Manchester.

I think they are a God-send to all sufferers.

I am, Yours obediently,

(Signed) WILLIAM HENDERSON.

'FLU & HEADACHE BANISHED

7, Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

Sir,

Having seen your advertisement for 'ASPRO,' I tried a box. I had influenza and a very bad headache. I can tell you, sir, I never even finished the box and I was cured. I can assure you I would never be without them. I will recommend them to my friends. To my idea no family should be without them.

You may use my card for an advertisement.

(Signed) MRS. JOEL.

INFLUENZA & COLDS GO

15, Catheart Street, Rotherglen. 28.4.1928.

Dear Sirs,

It is with much pleasure I write to tell of the great benefit I derived from your tablets.

I was threatened with a bad influenza cold. After taking four of your tablets I felt great relief and the cold gradually left me and I am all right again.

'ASPRO' I shall recommend to my friends.

(Signed) T. S. GLEN.

6d 1/3 & 2/6 PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ASPRO

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITE'S, SQUIRE'S, NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

6/- A truly marvellous bargain opportunity.

A beautifully tailored Coat in fine quality faced cloth with Mink Coney Collar & Cuffs, for only 42/-

WITH ORDER.

The 'IDEAL' Coat is produced in a substantial Faced Cloth of handsome appearance and delightfully smooth finish. It is cut on semi-fitting lines and tailored in tasteless style down to the smallest detail, its excellence in this respect being one of its most attractive features. The coat is slightly flared at the sides and has unique pin-tucked side panels. It is half-lined (including sleeves) with brocaded Artificial Silk, and the front fastens with three smart buttons. The large Rateau shaped collar and deep pointed cuffs are in a very rich and glossy Mink Coney. Supplied in sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. and O.S. Lengths 32, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches. Shades: Navy Brown, Light Navy, or Black.

PATTERNS POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

TERMS—Our Bargain Price for the 'IDEAL' Coat is for deferred Payments. Send only 6/- now, and complete purchase in 6 Monthly Payments of 6/- If you are entirely satisfied. We allow full approval in your home

WHEN ORDERING Be sure to state the correct size, Length and Colour required, and also give your Bust measurement.

FASHION ALBUM, POST FREE.

WRITE for the Graves Range of Fashionable Styles in Costume, Fur and Three Piece Suites, Curtains, Furniture, &c. Patterns Post Free. Obtain Patterns Immediately. All at the keenest prices and on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

WAKEFUL NIGHTS FROM INDIGESTION

Nothing wears you out more quickly than a period of wakeful, restless nights. The cause of the trouble is usually digestive disturbance, and the remedy is Bisurated Magnesia. This preparation calms the stomach, banishes the fermenting unrest and induces healthy slumber by the sensible means of producing peaceful digestion. Bisurated Magnesia is obtainable at any chemist's, in either powder or tablet form, at 1s. 3d. a package, and a simple trial will prove its value to the person with a sensitive, delicate stomach, and consequent highly-tuned nervous system.

NOTE: "Bisurated" Magnesia powder is now available with Mint flavour as well as in the unflavoured form—both afford instant relief.

Catarrh - BRONCHITIS

ADENOIDS, TONSILS, &c.

Dr. Lynaston will send free copies of his pamphlets which show that nasal obstructions, enlarged tonsils, adenoids, glands in the neck, bronchitis, asthma, recent deafness, etc, rarely resist his simple home treatment. Operations for septic tonsils and nasal obstructions are now completely out-of-date. Please enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

Consultations daily. Advice by post.

Lt.-Col. Lynaston, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.D.S., late R.A.M.C.,

Room 2, Langham House, Regent Street, London, W.1.

2/- DOWN

FREE GIFT OF RECORDS

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

You can have a magnificent JUNOPHONE with Records of your selection. Packed Free, Carriage Paid, on 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. ONLY 2/- DOWN required. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Sideboard, Pedestal, Table, Grand, Portable, etc.

Art Catalogue FREE

Est. 51 years

JUNO GRAMOPHONE CO.,

(Dept. D.1), 168, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

STOP SNUFFLING

Get rid of nasty Catarrh. Stop sneezing, hawking, spitting and coughing. You weren't born with that disgusting disease. You acquired it because your Lungs, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, and all other organs designed to eliminate waste matter are not functioning properly. Now your vitality is falling, your tongue is coated, your breath is foul and your Nose, Throat, Lungs and every part of your body are loaded with Catarrh poisons. Don't waste your time and money on dope and drugs, sprays and washes, pills and powders. These can never help you. The only way to gain relief is to drive out the waste matter and build up your body—all of it—through Nature's Laws.

STRONGFORTISM

STRONGFORT The Perfect Man.

The Modern Science of Health Promotion will rebuild and restore every part of your body and aid Nature in forever banishing Catarrh and all other ailments and weaknesses.

SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK

Write for my wonderful free book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." Send for it NOW.

STRONGFORT INSTITUTE

LIONEL STRONGFORT, Director,

Physical and Health Specialist.

DEPT. 528, NEWARK, N. J., U.S.A.

.....Clip and send this Coupon.....

Mr. Lionel Strongfort,

Dept. 528, Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me FREE your book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." Also your Practical Talk on Catarrh. I enclose 6d. stamps to cover postage, etc

Name .....

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Street .....

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Country .....

WONDERFUL WIRELESS OFFER

The Graves 'Vulcan' 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Value & Efficiency. A very requisite is included, no extras are required, and full detailed instructions are sent with every set.

TEST IT AT HOME

10/6 NOW

Our inclusive Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. Send 10/6 now, and complete purchase in 14 monthly payments of 10/6 If you are entirely satisfied after trying the outfit in your own home. Money back in any way disappointed.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION Cabinet of polished figured Oak, beautifully finished with hinged lid, Mullard Dull Emitter Valves, anti-microphonic valve-holders; H.T. Battery; 2-Volt Accumulator; Tuning Dials of exceptional capacity, and complete Aerial Outfit. LOUD SPEAKER specially constructed to co-operate with the Set, and Oak-grained to match the Cabinet. In both reception and reproduction it may be relied upon to give excellent results. The Set complete £7.17.6

CATALOGUE FREE. For complete description of this amazing 2-Valve Set, and other powerful installations, write for Illustrated Catalogue to-day.

Write Now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

New Hair Growth

A multitude of men and women have used the remarkable compound —Kotalko, with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

New Thick Growth After Baldness.

Holland Park, London, W.

Two years ago I found, to my dismay, that **my hair was all falling out.** I could find nothing to stop it. At last only one patch of hair remained, about the size of my hand. I was **under hospital treatment** for some months, but it was all to no use, and **I was still without hair.**

Then I heard of Kotalko, and began to use it night and morning. **After using it for a fort ight** I was very much surprised to see a very faint down coming on my head. I used it regularly for six months, and now I have a **fine t..ick head of hair.**

(Mrs.) E. N. Hillman.

Big Patches of Baldness Now Covered with Hair.

Boasbeck, Yorks.

When I first sent for Kotalko I was practically **bald all over my head** with great big patches of baldness. Now, as you will see by my photograph, after six months' use of Kotalko, I have **as good and thick a head of hair as anyone could desire.** The improvement was noticeable from the very first box, and the complete new growth was achieved by only two large boxes. **William Daniels.**

Growth After Baldness.

Dungannon.

My head was all bald patches. Various preparations had been used, but failed to bring on the hair. This made me dubious about Kotalko, but I decided to give it a chance. After two months' use the **hair started to grow on the bald patches,** and now after using six boxes my head is absolutely normal, **thick hair** covering the baldness, and the scalp in splendid condition. Kotalko has certainly worked wonders. **Robt. J. Wylie.**

New Hair Grew on Bald Places.

Goxhill, Nr. Hull.

I can highly recommend Kotalko, for it is worth its weight in gold. I was greatly troubled with dandruff and falling hair, and gradually the hair came away, leaving me **quite bald in parts.**

I quickly saw an improvement when I commenced using Kotalko, for the dandruff began to clear. Soon the falling stopped, and **new hair began to grow on the bald places, and now my hair is quite thick,** and free from all signs of dandruff, thanks to Kotalko. I have recommended your preparation to my friends, and shall be only too pleased to recommend to all I meet in need of such a hair grower.

You may use this testimony if you wish to do so, and help convince the sceptical that **Kotalko is genuine.**

George Dent.

Thick and Curly Hair.

Nr. Farnham (Surrey).

When I began to use Kotalko **I was quite bald. I used to wear a silk cap** to cover my head, as I had given up all hope, and was tired of trying things to get my hair back again.

My friends have watched the gradual change in my head, from its milk-white baldness to its **present wonderful thickness of hair.** I used to apply Kotalko every day to the scalp until the hair grew all over my head **in its natural brown colour,** and **thick and curly** as the photograph shows.

The new growth of hair **is the talk of my neighbours and friends.** My grateful appreciation for your good advice, and wishing you every success to Kotalko, yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Nellie O'Neill.

New Hair at 75.

Carnarvonshire.

Kotalko has grown a nice lot of hair on the top of my head, although I am 75 years of age. When I was younger I had a wonderful head of hair, but it commenced to fall out many years ago, and I had tried many things, but to no avail, until I used Kotalko. My friends are surprised and **my barber is astonished at my hair growing so well,** as shown in the photograph. Kotalko is grand, and I am **proud to boast of such a good head of hair at my age.**

James Harris.

Success at Last.

Reading.

I had become **quite bald on the top of my head** due to the constant falling and thinning of the hair, although I had used every possible hair tonic, but now the condition of **my hair speaks remarkably well for the wonderful powers of Kotalko.**

I need no longer worry about going completely bald, and I shall do all in my power to recommend Kotalko. My wife and daughter are so pleased with results that they have followed my example.

W. G. Smith.

100,000 TEST BOXES

Readers of this paper who are troubled by falling hair, dandruff, and baldness are invited to send for a test box at once.

A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it is only necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Send or Copy this COUPON.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....(53 N.F).

JOHN HART BRITTAIN LTD., 2, Percy St. (53 N.F.), London, W.1.

WHY REST YOUR LEG?

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS,
VARICOSE ECZEMA,
SORE LEGS,
SWOLLEN LEGS,
PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE, OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

The worst and most hopeless of cases yield to Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed, Tremol conquers. Seize your opportunity now. Get your leg soundly healed.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME.
HEALS BAD LEGS WITHOUT REST.
ENABLES YOU TO WORK IN COMFORT.
RELIEVES YOU FROM ALL LEG WORRY.
TRIUMPHS WHEN OTHERS HAVE FAILED.
BRINGS BETTER HEALTH AND ITS SUCCESS IS CERTAIN AND LASTING.

A valuable Book entitled, "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why," giving full particulars of this powerful Treatment is sent free of charge to all bad leg sufferers, together with a Beautiful Album of Coloured Plates showing how the Treatment succeeds, a Legal Guarantee and a List of Cured Cases in your own district. Written by a Staff of Bad Leg Specialists, the Book is chockful of sound practical advice and information of tremendous importance to sufferers. It deals with every form of bad leg and shows how to bring about speedy and lasting recovery even when doctors, hospitals, and other treatments have failed. As the edition is limited and when exhausted will not be re-issued, sufferers desiring a free copy of this valuable book (published price 3/6) should apply at once to prevent disappointment.

This is not a chance to be missed, and you should fill in the coupon and write at once to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS** (Ward B.L.), **GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,** describing your case, and the BOOK, ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, LEGAL GUARANTEE and LIST OF CURED PATIENTS.

WILL BE SENT FREE.

In addition to this great Free Offer to all who write, the National Infirmary willingly give free consultations to all bad leg sufferers who care to call. HOURS: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week-day (Sundays excepted).

Post this Coupon to us to-day, or call for Free Personal Consultation.

.....

FREE COUPON (Ward B.L.)

National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me your Valuable Book, "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why," Beautiful Album, Legal Guarantee and List of Cured Cases in my district.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State complaint.....

National College of Health Ltd.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

S. E. (Thaxted).—"Some men can't be bought." But they can be sold.

N. C. (Amesbury).—"This letter seems to be very short." So do you.

H. F. (Epsom).—"In a woman's hands some men are putty." And others potty.

J. R. (Dormans).—"Is it advisable to wash palms?" A great many need oiling.

A. L. (Horsham).—"Truth crushed to earth will rise again." Naturally, it will not lie.

F. R. (Hull).—"Some people make you feel at home." And others make you wish you were.

Mrs. T. (Torbay).—"There have been a lot of squalls here lately." Birth-rate gone up in your part?

M. B. (Sidmouth).—"I don't believe in love at first sight." Well, it's always best to take a second look.

E. V. (Worcester).—"A man likes a girl who smiles at him." But hates one who laughs at him.

C. F. (Mansfield).—"I found it very hard to part with my daughter." Many parents find it impossible.

D. K. (Guildford).—"My half-brother is engaged to my wife's half-sister." It's about time they were made one.

M. B. (Epsom).—"Anti-Prohibitionists are getting it in the neck in America." And it burns all the way down.

R. T. (Acton).—"Every time I cough I get a pain in my left side. It doesn't seem right." It isn't. It's left.

S. C. (Sunbury).—"My wife made me what I am." Well, don't be angry. Perhaps she couldn't do any better.

J. A. (Crayford).—"I will write to you again when I get time." If you get time, you won't be allowed to write.

F. L. (Lane End).—"I see 'Old Moore's Almanack' is out again." Give the old chap a chance: he can't always be right.

K. C. (Wimbledon).—"Can you tell me of something good for indigestion?" Salmon and cucumber just before going to bed.

R. G. (Hinckley).—"Exactly fifty years have passed since I became engaged." Why on earth haven't you got married yet?

F. F. N. (Yeovil).—"You must get a thousand silly letters each week." We have just counted them. 1,001—including yours.

W. P. (Penzance).—"My girl is the eighth wonder of the world." Mind you don't let her catch you with any of the other seven.

W. L. (Derby).—"I didn't marry beauty or wealth. I married for sympathy." Then you can have ours as well, free of charge.

I. C. (Shoreditch).—"Why do Londoners always laugh when the town of Wigan is mentioned?" Because they do not live in Wigan.

G. B. (Kensington).—"I am rich at last. I've made enough money this week to pay all my debts." What make of car are you going to buy?

Mrs. S. (Enfield).—"Now that women have the vote, what will they want next?" A new hat to wear when they go to the polling-station.

O. Y. (Harwich).—"No man with any sense would allow you to carry on the way you do." How do you know what a man with any sense would do?

G. T. (Codsall).—"It will take a lifetime for me to understand this little village thoroughly." But it will probably know all about you in a week.

W. A. (Boston).—"Man proposes." And woman makes him stick to it.

L. S. (Spilsby).—"I keep my ideals high." By putting them on a shelf?

B. N. (Colne).—"Can I borrow a fiver?" Possibly, but not from us.

P. B. (Pinner).—"I owe my life to the doctor." If that's all you owe you're lucky.

T. N. (Midford).—"My wife does not appreciate a good husband." She might if she had one.

B. R. (Enfield).—"Give me fat men for honesty." They can't stoop to anything low.

P. A. (Bridlington).—"I think I have discovered an opening." Mind you don't find yourself in a hole.

W. H. (Farnham).—"It isn't what a man says that counts." No, it's what his wife answers.

S. H. (Bristol).—"I don't believe this Adam and Eve story." Then who started raising Cain?

L. S. (Bedford.)—"Money means trouble." The only kind of trouble it is difficult to borrow.

J. D. (Exeter).—"How can I regain my lost youth?" Try threatening him with breach of promise.

R. T. (Barnstaple).—"Why do dogs howl at music?" Because they have the courage of their convictions.

D. M. (Golders Green).—"One night I win at bridge and the next I lose." Why not play every other night?

H. G. (Swansea).—"The Channel Tunnel would stop over-sea sickness." And start under-sea quickness.

V. K. (Norton).—"A woman often says things she doesn't mean." And a man often means things he doesn't say.

C. L. (Exeter).—"Do you think my employers will make much of me?" Not unless you make the most of yourself.

"FAIR IS FAIR" (Whitechapel).—"I believe in selling goods of the value marked." We hope the public appreciate the novelty.

THOMAS (Taunton).—"She wanted to dance but I said 'No, we'll go to the pictures.' Then we *went* to the pictures." Ha! Then you are *not* married.

H. H. (Durham).—"My missus says if I don't get a job soon she's going to live with her mother." That's better than her mother coming to live with you.

J. M. (Teignmouth).—"I find the dealers are now giving very good prices for waste-paper." Then we shall all know what to do with our 1929 diaries in another week or so.

"AUTHOR" (Friern Barnet).—"In the train I sat next to a man who was eagerly turning over the pages of a paper that contained a short story of mine." We expect he had just been trying to read it.

P. H. (St. Albans).—"Are marriages made in heaven?" Heaven only knows.

A. M. (Arundel).—"She threw herself at my head." She knew your weak spot.

H. L. (Lee).—"I don't always go straight home." Then we bet your wife's remarks very often do.

E. L. (Burnley).—"It is a mistake to underrate the intelligence of the rising generation." It's impossible.

P. S. (Ipswich).—"The very latest skirts are a fraction shorter than they should be." Yes, a vulgar fraction.

N. F. (Norbury).—"My son tries hard to improve his position but none of his schemes will work." Will your son?

G. M. (Liverpool).—"He is under the impression he is a great actor." And he's not the only one.

C. P. (Plymouth).—"Now that I have explained my system, don't you pity my bookmaker?" Not at all. We envy him.

Mrs. T. M. J. (Kidderminster).—"They say he has a girl in every village." I don't know how he manages it. Perhaps he has a motor-bike.

M. D. (Bristol).—"On being pressed, I sang 'Together.'" And did the audience leave the same way?—or in groups?

G. A. (Northampton).—"My wife's just presented me with twins." Put things right by presenting yourself with one of the *Bullets* £350 Twins this week.

N. T. (Chiswick).—"Now that I have written this letter, I wonder why I went to the trouble." Now that we have read it we also wonder.

F. E. (Lambeth).—"You would be surprised at the clear tone of my little home-made wireless set." Crystal clear, we presume.

A. H. (Jarrow).—"At first I thought I would write to you, then I thought not, and finally that I might as well." Second thoughts are best.

C. G. (Smethwick).—"Editors always return my articles. It annoys me and I would like to get my own back." You evidently do.

Mrs. J. (Holloway).—"If I have my face lifted will it have a permanent effect?" It may fall when you get the bill.

W. P. (Clapham).—"It was a knock-out to me when I came home and found the front door barred." Not a knock-out—a lock-out.

T. R. (Bristol).—"The modern girl does not believe in hiding her light under a bushel." But she takes good care to keep her old flames under cover.

E. U. (Luton).—"After listening to his fine speech at the meeting, I wanted to call on him, but he wouldn't give me his private address." He evidently expected you to be content with his public one.

A. H. (Newcast'e).—"Although in receipt of a good income, I have not paid income-tax for seven years—and have never been appro ched. I would like to pay up my arrears. What should I do?" See a doctor.

Miss T. (Epsom).—"What are the essentials for dancing?" Feet.

A. C. T. (Hull).—"He is going to marry again." The dare-devil!

J. P. (Taplow).—"I can defy the force of gravity." You certainly make us laugh.

S. H. (Mirfield).—"It is better to give than to lend." And it costs about the same.

P. N. (Paddington).—"My wife selects everything for the house." Does she pick the quarrels?

S. J. (Salisbury).—"What is an 'impressionist picture'?" Your impression that it is a picture of a cow when the catalogue calls it "A Stranded Liner."

Mac (Glasgow).—"I am sixty-eight and have just attended my first football match." Was the man at the turnstile tying his bootlace when you went through?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

"WOMAN'S WEEKLY":—"She ran downstairs to meet him, HER HEART ON TIP-TOE."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"The directors, looking and speaking like Americans, SAT SILENT FOR TWO HOURS."

"GRIMSBY NEWS":—"He arrived at the house WHERE HE STAYED IN HIS MOTOR-CAR on occasions."

"RAMSEY COURIER":—"Rats . . . frequent barns, granaries, poultry-yards, sewers, AND OTHER PLACES WHERE FOOD SUPPLIES ARE STORED."

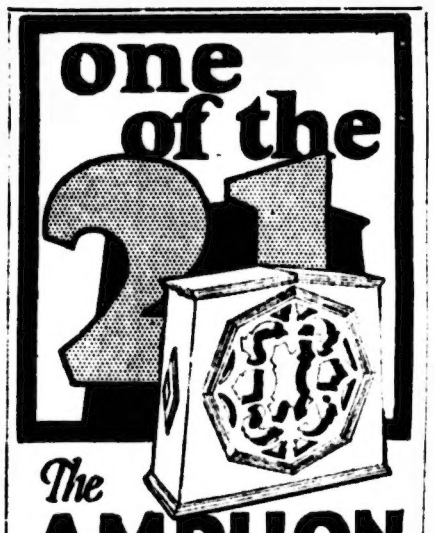
"MORNING POST":—"Cold fish is sometimes very nice WHEN IT IS HOT."

"ISLINGTON GAZETTE":—"She stopped short with a catch of her breath AND DREW IT UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE OVERLAPPING TREES."

"LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST":—"Carrots are often improved by BEING COOKED in cold water for a few hours before using."

"TIT-BITS":—"FREE. BAD LEGS, Varicose, ulcers, eczema."

"LOUGHBOROUGH ECHO":—"There must be no wringing, the garment must be hung up quite dry AND ALLOWED TO DRIP AND DRY."



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Extremely attractive in appearance — extremely attractive in price—this simply designed Model in dark oak charms the eye and captivates the ear.
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PICTURE PUZZLE SOLUTIONS by the "Puzzle King," described by a leading popular weekly as "the man none can puzzle."

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RACING selections for the week. Complete summary from Sunday newspapers.

Avail yourself of the EXPERT ADVICE which is given in this week's issue of

The Leader

No other paper devotes as much space to competitions as THE LEADER (which is Edited by Arthur C. Findon, founder and for many years Editor of the old "Competitor's Journal"). In to-day's issue you will find valuable advice which will help you to win £350 in the current "Bullets" competition, and four additional coupons, which you can use. One exclusive article in THE LEADER, which you will find extremely useful, is contributed by "Sphinx," who analyses every example in the current "Bullets" offer, and suggests ideas which will help all competitors on the road to success. Recent winning lines are reviewed by a famous competition Journalist. You cannot afford to be without this week's issue of THE LEADER, which is read by over 100,000 competition enthusiasts.

On Sale every TUESDAY morning.

READERS OF THE LEADER HAVE WON DURING PAST 8 WEEKS

£1,500 BULLETS,
£800 NUGGETS,
£500 "THE PEOPLE,"
£500 "SUNDAY DISPATCH,"
£500 "SUNDAY CHRONICLE,"
£300 NUGGETS,
£250 H. RETURNS,
£500 "THE PEOPLE"
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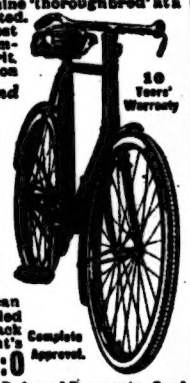
THE GRAVES "ROYAL SLEUTH" CYCLE SINGLE-SPEED MODEL, is a genuine 'thoroughbred' at a price never previously attempted. From start to finish it is of most dependable quality, every component part being of proved merit. It is the essence of cycle perfection

Read the Specification and judge for yourself.



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Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan

Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black if desired). Ladies' or Gent's Model same price, Carriage Paid £4:10:0

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I end bunions with my new Pedodyne Solvent treatment. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes may be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. And you can prove it by actual test.

TRY IT AT MY RISK

Just send your name and address so that we can arrange for you to try Pedodyne on your own bunion and prove the quick, sure amazing results. Address

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. A 970 Toronto, Ont.
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	WANED	SEASON	P											
NIL	PENT	REMOTE												
ANIMATION	SATAN													
R	SAY	CROW	TERN											
DEMY	MEET	MOSSY												

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

A DEPLETED LARDER

Harassed Husband's Lost Job

Mr. H. G. Gloyn, formerly a Gordon Highlander, whose faith in mankind is ebbing fast

FROM 1916 to 1922 Mr. Gloyn served in the Gordon Highlanders. Soon after his discharge, when coming out of a London Tube station one night, he was knocked down and robbed of all he possessed.

There followed months of homeless wandering in the streets without a halfpenny, sleeping anywhere—in the Crypt of St. Martin's, down area steps, or on the Embankment.

He never asked for help, and eventually succeeded in finding work

He owns that that was a wretched time, but doubts whether he felt more bitter then than he felt the other week when the doctor, summoned to his wife, who was very ill, announced that she was not getting enough nourishment.

Mr. Gloyn opened the cupboard door, and the doctor saw that it was empty save for one piece of bread.

There was no coal in the place, either.

Fighting with Adversity

Whilst in service Mr. Gloyn caught "'flu."

He carried on until he could carry on no longer, and the doctor advised a fortnight's rest, finally cutting it down, at his request, to a certificate for three days' leave.

He showed this to his mistress, who told him she would get someone in his place till he was fit.

Before the three days had expired, he returned and was told that she had engaged someone else, and his services were no longer required. She paid him a week's wages minus the three days' sick leave.

The employment exchange is delaying his unemployment pay pending enquiries. Having once been refused help by the Guardians, he will not go to them again.

It is only his wife's fine character that keeps alive this man's faith in mankind.

It is up to our readers to show him that his faith is not being misplaced.

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

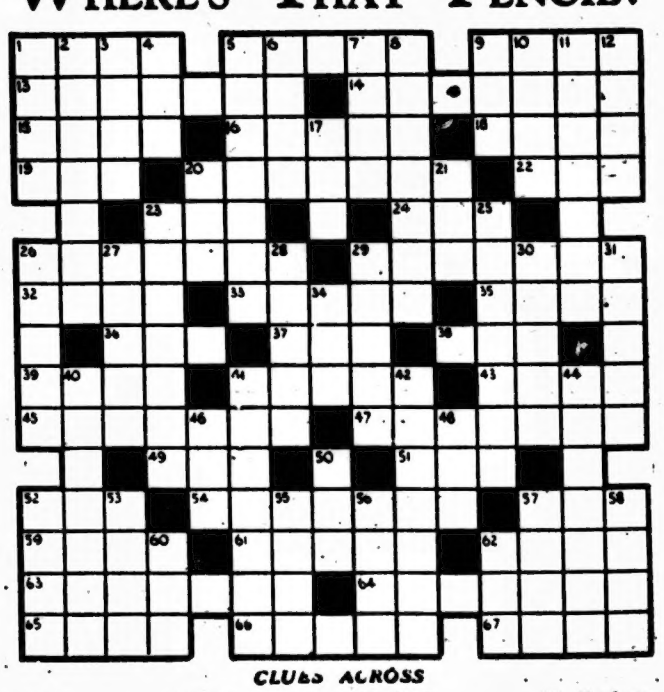
Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Cooper (Darwen), 1s.; A Widow, 1s.; Feathers, 2s. 6d.; H. R. (Cornwall), £1; Unlucky Mollie, 1s. 1d.; Two Kiddies at Bristol, 2s. 6d.; Christmas Gift from Hounslow, 2s. 6d.; F. Cole, 5s.; A Bullets Competitor, 10s.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), 10s.; Hilda, June & Fred (Nottingham), 1s. 6d.; A Widow's Mite, 2s.; S. F. D., 1s.; Mrs. A. Stockney (Cleethorpes), 3s.; Well Wisher, 5s.; Keny, 6d.; A. R. (Glasgow) 2s. 6d.; Doreen (Silsden), 1s.; H. M. Thom (Aberdeen), 3s. 6d.; A. S. (Sussex), 2s.; L. V. (Paddington), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; N. L. (Moreton-in-Marsh), 1s.; J. F., 2s.; Mouse, 5s.; Constant Reader (Warnborough), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Pollett, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. F. T. Peters, 2s. 6d.; Miss Hanson, 1s.; Mrs. James Brown, 2s.; Avis Kimberley, 6s. 6d.; Mr. Mearing, 5s.; W. Taylor, 1s.; H. E. (N.W.), 2s. 6d.; E. S. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; Ole Jim (Bedford), 1s.; Mrs. Campbell (Aberdeen), 2s.; W. H. Toms, 5s.; M. B. Bradver, 1s.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; Ethel Hill (Ripon), 5s.; Little Alan and Vab, 2s. 6d.; E. Partridge (Battle), 2s.; I. T. (Edmonton), 1s.; M. F. (Sutton), 1s.; Anon. (Kinver), 1s.; Mr. Wm. Emmett (Truro), 5s.; Monty (Braystone), 3s.; Mrs. H. F. Thompson (Desford), 2s. 6d.; W. A. Ken, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Preston), 1s.; Mrs. D. Salch (Reading), 2s.; K. M. (Beaufort Streets), 3s.; E. L. (Colchester), 2s.; W. F. D. (Rodwell), 5s.; With Love, 1s.; Mrs. Bruce, 9d.; 6d.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 2s.; M. S., 1s.; Annie Burrows, 1s. 6d.; S. Sutcliffe, 2s. 6d.; A Constant Reader (Swansea), 2s.; Guss, 6d.; Miss Dorothy Orrell, 2s. 6d.; Miss P. (Ebbw Vale), 2s. 6d.; E. A. C. (Yorkshire), 1s.; Registered Reader (Bonny-bridge), 2s.; "?" 2s. 6d.; B. Beal (Blackburn), 2s.; A Competitor, 2s.; Anon. (Woodseats), 2s. 6d.; Granny, 1s.; Little Mary, 2s.; M. J. K., 2s.; Mr. W. Crossland, 5s.; Mrs. E. Litherland, 3s.; Mr. F. G. Allen (Ottawa), 2s.; A. E. Jackson (Watton-on-Dearne), 1s.; M. Freeland (Dalkeith), 1s.; Mrs. M. E. Roberts (Warmley), 5s.; Mrs. L. Westroop Dawson, 10s.; Mrs. and Miss Castle, 2s.; Mrs. Richardson (Lymington), 1s. 6d.; Hilda Holborn North "B" Assistant, 8s. 6d.; For Christ's Sake (Sask.), £2 1s.; First Step 1928 (Chapel-en-le-Frith), 10s.; S. C. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; P. Sewell (East Kirkley), 10s.; Mrs. Tansley (Stapleford), 2s.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; Mr. T. Davies (Pennant), 2s.; Happy Family (West Thurrock), 5s.; Mr. John A. Maitland, 2s. 6d.; Bandsman Smith, 2s.; J. Howarth (Knutsford), 2s.; N. S. H. (Malta), 4s.; I. M. Johnson (Dollar), 1s.; W. R., 2s. 6d.; M. W. (Finchley), 5s.; Anon. (Exch. Target), 1s.; W. Danks (Hendsworth), 1s.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; A Widow (Manor Park), 5s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

WHERE'S THAT PENCIL?



CLUES ACROSS

1. Shove.
5. A pile.
9. Ultimate.
13. Discover.
14. Ridiculous.
15. Soaked barley.
16. Rustic.
18. Hunted animal.
19. To be ill.
20. To incapacitate.
22. X.
23. A tap.
24. Public house.
26. Deceived.
29. Dictated.
32. Paradise.
33. Performing.
35. Vetch.
36. A tun.
37. Water vessel.
38. Sphere.
39. Boil.
41. Questioned.
43. High note.
45. A marvel.
47. Rebels.
49. Tropical plant.
51. Untruth.
52. Vehicle.
54. Normal.
57. Knight.
59. Exclamation of regret.
61. Kind of poem.
62. Small.
63. Fruit.
64. Infused with air.
65. Hitherto.
66. Youngster.
67. French for "father."

CLUES DOWN

1. The cougar.
2. Without assistance.
3. Trade.
4. Headgear.
5. Marked with lines.
6. Accordingly.
7. Wild apple.
8. Slaying.
9. Cover.
10. Aid.
11. Forms railway track.
12. Consisting of three.
17. Uncouth.
20. Father.
21. Terminal.
23. Fugitive.
25. Nitric acid.
26. Freethinking.
27. A pull.
28. To drench.
29. Central.
30. Index.
31. The people.
34. To weary.
40. Nominal.
41. A calendar.
42. Disended.
44. Coach.
46. Able.
48. Greasy fluid.
50. Jollity.
52. Child.
53. Kind of type.
55. Rubbish.
56. Lifelike.
57. Place.
58. Town in Isle of Wight.
60. Was seated
62. To broach.

The solution of last week's puzzle will be found on this page.

"Fair and Square" Crossword! £500 must be won every week for skill alone. See "The People" next Sunday.

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 MAR 29

'BULLETS' RECORD TWINS

TWIN FIRST PRIZE £350 — 2 FIRST PRIZES — TWIN FIRST PRIZE £350

THIS WEEK ONLY

2ND PRIZE £50

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2·10
25 OF £1 | 50 OF 10/-

3RD PRIZE £25

500 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 8,000 TARGET PRIZES

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 701

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:

F. W. HOGG, 38, Meadow Street, Treforest, Pontypridd, Glam.

mple :—PRICE OF FOLLY
let :—SAVED, WERE FOLLY PRICED.

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

H. FISHER, 18, Derby Street, Glasgow.

ple :—JUST TO MAKE SURE
:—DON'T BE TOO SURE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £150:

A. HAWKINGS, Anchor Villa, Elm Road, Green Street Green, Kent.

ple :—WITH PARLIAMENT'S PERMISSION
:—THOUGH ONLY FORTY PRESENT!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FOURTH PRIZE OF £100:

. H. STOCKS, 8, Archway Cottages, Leiston, Suffolk.

ple :—A SIN
:—TESTING HONESTY BY TEMPTING.

10 Prizes of £5:

BEATON, 6, Loanhead Crescent, Newarthill, Motherwell.
E OF FOLLY—OF HASTENING CIVILISATION—RETARDING.
AVIS, 89, Imperial Av., Southampton.
EN FUNDS ARE LOW—AVOIDING "SOLOMON" SHOWS WISDOM.
ARTER, c/o Club House, Wrekin Golf Club, Wellington, Salop.
T TO MAKE SURE—WHITEHALL HAS DUPLICATE Officials.
. E. CAVILL, 197, Parliament Street, Liverpool.
SMEN—FOUND EVERYWHERE—LOST NOWHERE.
RAYDEN, 56, St. Piran's Av., Portsmouth.
RY LITTLE HELPS—DAD'S WORKING, TOO!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
RTLEY, 26, Carlinghow Lake, Batley, Yorks.
DERABLE—SLUMS—SLUMPS—AND SLUMBERERS.
ES, 21, Marsteg Crescent, Tonteg, nr. Pontypridd.
RLY—ALL "CARROTS," ELECTION "STEW."
KIDD, Kynance, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
T TO MAKE SURE—NIGHT-CLUB DETECTIVE AS ANOTHER.
SQUIRE, 7, Fowler Road, Radford, Coventry.
SERVANT—MASTER, ENEMY, FRIEND—NATURE.
TAYLOR, 5, Jerningham Street, Stafford.
T TO MAKE SURE—LONDONER'S RESPIRATOR—ND LIFE-BELT!

10 Prizes of £2 10s.:

BOND, 25, Hill Rise, Greenford.
SMEN—"HARDY SPECIMENS" TRANSPLANT-G WELL.
, 11, Oxford Street, Wolverton, Bucks.
TO MAKE SURE—CHEMIST ASKED "CAT'S" AME.
S, 122, Spa Road, Bermondsey, S.E.
NG HOME TOGETHER—TWO "SHADOWS"—'S UNEMPLOYED.
JOHNSTON, 29, Royal Street, Gourock.
Y RELEASE—NOT TO-DAY'S "TRADE SHOW."
S, 26, Gladstone Road, Chesham, Bucks.
A SHUDDER—DADDY—SONNY POINTING -GUN.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
OWF, 52, Mill Road, Motherwell.
FUNDS ARE LOW—GOVERNMENT REDOUBLES EFFORTS.
MASKELL, 66, Arnold Street, Brighton.
OF FOLLY—REMAINS STEADY—REMAIN ADY.
SON, St. Petroc, 4, Belgrave Road, Grosvenor, .
G HOME TOGETHER—CITY BEGGAR—SUBUR-PATRONS.
EY, 6, Rowan Crescent, Sebastopol, nr. Pontypridd.
RABLE—SUICIDE HADN'T MENTIONED HER!
AVER, 31, Devonshire Road, Palmers Green, N.
FOR BRITAIN—WHEN CHANNEL'S "CHOPS ED."

If 25 (1 and 50 to/- winners will be published ts Bulletin," and a list of 500 at 6d. Prize an be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

for £2 will be paid to the Newsagents from winners of the two £350 "Bullets" Prize tition No. 705 have purchased their copies Bull," and for £2 and £1 respectively to gents from whom the winners of the Second prizes have purchased their copies.

TO HELP YOU WIN!

A free copy of *Bullets Bulletin* is waiting for you! "Interesting, instructive and of great assistance to both old and new competitors," runs a Yorkshireman's tribute to this new guide to the prize-list.

Apply to *Bulletin* Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing halfpenny stamped addressed envelope.

Two £350 Prizes in One Week

"WIN A TWIN" is the *Bullets* slogan for the week. The award of *two* First Prizes in one contest has always appealed to our readers, but never in a one-week competition before have we offered First Prizes so substantial as £350 each. Yet another *Bullets* record!

To write a few well-chosen words on one of the coupons on this page is the work of a few minutes only. But remember—if you mean to adopt a *Bullets* Twin, you must nurse your ideas into shape before Saturday, February 16. These sensational few-days-only contests are for those who will think and act quickly.

New readers of JOHN BULL can start winning *Bullets* prizes at once. To make a *Bullet*, take one of the *Examples* opposite and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which fit it with aptness and originality. Over £800 has been won for the *Bullets* in the next column—let them show you the way to win.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" No. 706

First Prize, £300—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—Fourth Prize, £20—Fifth Prize, £10—10 Prizes of £5—10 Prizes of £4—25 Prizes of £2—50 Prizes of £1—400 Prizes of 5/—1,500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Our Welfare—The Right People—Fair Share—The Vital Question—Jealousy—Not To Be—Miracle Of Science—Agriculture—A Simple Matter—Even To-day—Hell On Earth—As Things Stand—What Usually Happens—It Seems Impossible, But—Out Of Our Pockets—"____ ____ ____ ____!"—All Industries Need—The House-holder—A Revelation—The First Sign—With A Sneeze—"No Hands Wanted!"—While We're Squabbling—Reforming—Instead Of Work—The De-rating Bill—Worth While—Robbers—A Landmark—Half The World—Groaning—Is The Government Dying?

(Closing Saturday, February 23).

The original cheque for £700 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 700 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, High Street, Portsmouth.

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 705

UNITED WE STAND	"I'LL DO IT!"	FILTHY LUCRE
KING COAL	HE TRIED HARD, BUT	IN LIFE'S WORKSHOP
WAY GOVERNMENT'S GOING	AT HEADQUARTERS	DEPTHS OF DESPAIR
TRADE PLUMS	LUCKY FOR HIM	A LIFE-BELT
HOPEFUL SIGN	THE RING	LEFT TO CHARITY
IN HIS POSITION	WORRIED TO DEATH	FORBIDDING
NOW WE KNOW	STUDYING	FILM COUPLE
HER WEAKNESS NOW	ACCORDING TO REPORTS	MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY
NOT SEEN YET	SAVING THOUSANDS	THE MIDDLE-MAN
BILLING AND COOING	IN DIFFICULTIES	ENOUGH TO GO ROUND
PANDEMONIUM	A WISE BIRD	

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Feb. 16.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(705) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Feb. 16.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(705) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Feb. 16.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(705) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Feb. 16.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(705) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 705, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

2,000 CASH PRIZES — NEXT WEEK ONLY — CASH PRIZES 2,000

YOU NEED Yeast-Vite

YOU Want to be WELL! *YOU* Want to Feel Full of the Joy and Exuberance of Life which only "Yeast-Vite" Brings. *YOU* want to Discard at once the "Nerves," Depression, Weariness, Pain and Weakness which is spoiling your Life and experience *AT ONCE* the Marvellous Exhilaration of "Yeast-Vite."

IF *YOU* ARE RUN-DOWN, Out-of-Sorts, "Nervy," Depressed, Suffering from the continual misery of Aches and Pains: IF *YOU* have to look at your world through the mud-smeared spectacles of Biliousness, Indigestion and Acid Stomach: IF *YOU* are Rheumatic: IF *YOU* cannot sleep at night and lie tossing to and fro till sickly Dawn sees you red-eyed, throbbing and restless almost to madness:—

—Then you will welcome with the utmost joy the supreme Tonic Pick-Me-Up, Irving's YEAST-VITE.

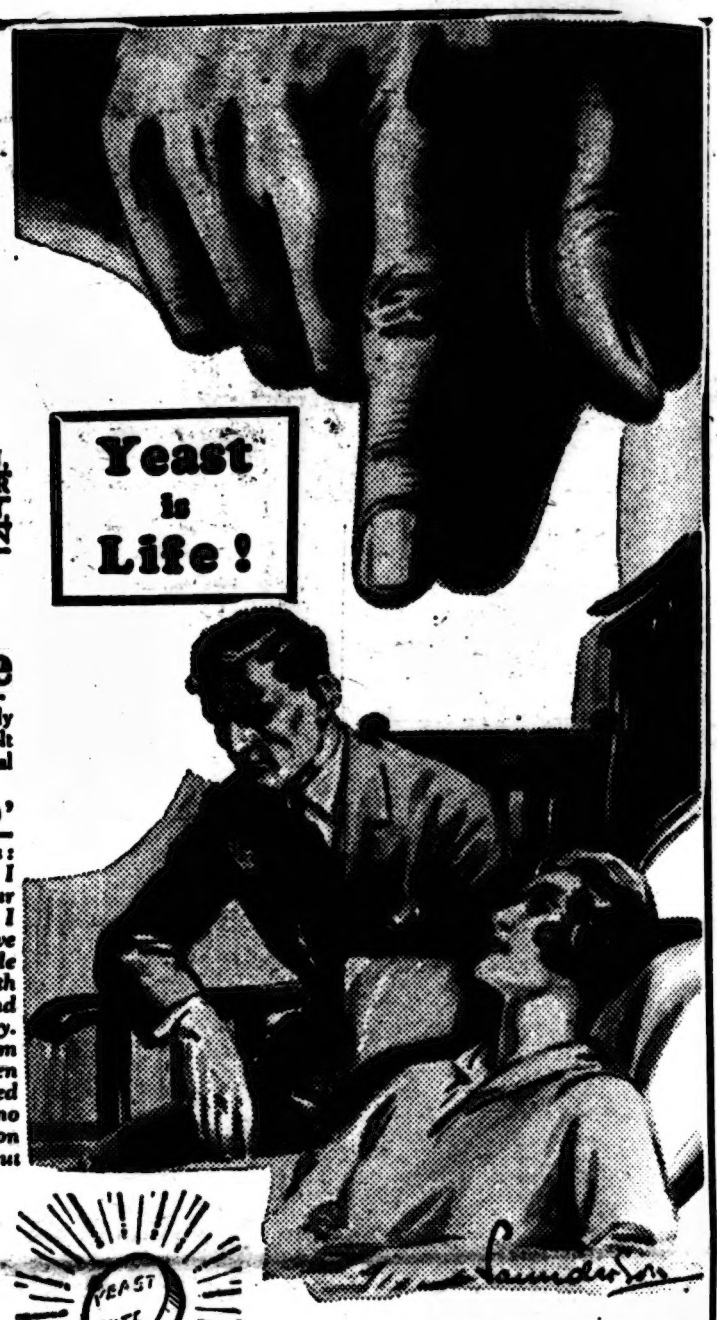
DISCARD YOUR POOR NERVE-RIDDEN, ACHING, PAINFUL 'OLD-SELF', FOR A VIGOROUS BODY, ALERT BRAIN, STRONG NERVES, PERFECT NUTRITION AND BUOYANT HEALTH.

40,000 People Have Done the Same

Over 40,000 People in all Walks of Life have personally written in their own handwriting letters of heartfelt gratitude in Praise of Yeast-Vite! Here is a typical example from the thousands received.

'WHOLE FAMILY CURED'

H. H., of Kingston (No. 35,605), writes: "It is with the deepest gratitude that I just write you these few lines to endeavour to show you how much my wife and I appreciate the wonderful benefit we have received from YEAST-VITE. My little son when only 8 suffered terribly with nerves. We put him on Yeast-Vite and he is now as fine and healthy as any boy. Further, about myself, I suffered from Bronchitis, and every winter I have been very bad with it until I tried Yeast-Vite. Now I have no trouble at all. My elder son also suffered with his chest but now he relies solely on Yeast-Vite. I am so grateful that I recommend it to everyone I meet."



NO CURE NO PAY!

ONLY "YEAST-VITE" COULD MAKE POSSIBLE THIS AMAZING HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
Headaches & Neuralgia	*Relief & Easement*	In 5 MINUTES
Indigestion	*Joyful Health*	In 5/10 MINUTES
Biliousness	*Healthy Appetite*	In 10/15 MINUTES
Depression	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/15 MINUTES
Exhaustion	*Energetic Activity*	In 10/15 MINUTES
Disordered Stomach	*Bodily Comfort*	In 10/15 MINUTES
"Nerves"	*Calm Delight*	In 10/15 MINUTES
Colds & Catarrh	*Free Breathing*	In 24 HOURS
Rheumatism	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
Feverishness	*Normal*	In 24 HOURS
Constipation	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS

OUR GREAT SECRET!

Trust the Public

World's Record Fair-Play GUARANTEE

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair-Dealing Offer ever made to the Public. Simply obtain a 1/3 or 3/- bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE from any Chemist or direct from us by Post. Try the Treatment at our expense. If you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to the address below with Government stamp attached and your money will be refunded in full, without any quibble or question of any kind. Can YOU afford to miss this veritable PROMISE of HEALTH? Go to your Chemist To-day.

Yeast is Life!

Yeast-Vite

TONIC TABLETS, from all Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Bottle

Or Post Free on receipt of Price direct from **IRVING'S YEAST-VITE, LTD., Medical Yeast Specialists (New & Enlarged Laboratories), WATFORD, HERTS.**

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